
T H E

CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *December*, 1770.

ARTICLE I.

The Life of Edward Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. Written by Himself. 4to. 8s. sewed. Doddsley.

OF this work, which is at present offered to public sale, a few copies were printed eight or nine years ago, and distributed among the friends of the noble editor.—While it remained in a state which the severity of law alone could term publication, we had no right to review it; and even now shall content ourselves with laying a few extracts before the reader, together with such previous remarks as may serve to characterize the genius of this distinguished author.

In Vol. XXVI. of our Review, p. 51, &c. we have already passed our judgment on a celebrated work of lord Herbert, of Cherbury, entitled, *A Dialogue between a Tutor and his Pupil*. The character of this nobleman was, perhaps, the most heterogeneous of any ever formed by nature. Though a man of genius, he was a laborious, accurate, and faithful writer. Though a philosopher, he was credulous even to weakness; and though a freethinker, superstitious even to contempt. In martial exercises he was unrivalled. His valour was equal to that of Charles XII. and to crown this strange assemblage of qualities, he had a political, as well as personal, courage, which did honour to his country.

The work before us may be safely permitted to speak for itself. The lover of romance will find his wildest wishes gratified in the perusal of it; and we have no doubt but the friends of truth may firmly rely on the veracity of our illustrious biographer.—We shall select the editor's Introduction, for the in-
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formation of our readers as to the authenticity of the publication; and insert one of his lordship's chivalrous adventures, for their entertainment: for though the work on the whole may be found neither much to interest the passions, or enlarge the understanding, yet it will serve to afford no small insight into the romantic manners of that age in which the hero of it lived.

Some years ago the following pages wou'd have been reckoned one of the greatest presents which the learned world cou'd have received. The *Life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, written by himself, wou'd have excited the curiosity of the whole republick of letters. Perhaps a less proportion of expectation may attend this it's late appearance. Not that the abilities of the noble writer have fallen into disesteem. His reign of Henry VIII. is allowed to be a masterpiece of historic biography. But they were his speculative works, which, raising a multitude of admirers or censors from their acuteness and singularity, made lord Herbert's a name of the first importance. The many great men, who illustrated the succeeding period, have taken off some of the public attention; for it is on'y a genius of the first force, whose fame dilates with ages, and can buoy itself up above the indifference which steals upon mankind, as an author becomes less and less the subject of conversation. Speculative writers, however penetrating, however sublime their talents, seldom attain the seal of universal approbation, because, of all the various abilities which Providence has bestowed on man, reasoning is not the power which has been brought to standard perfection. Poetry and eloquence have been so far perfected, that the great masters in those branches still remain unequalled. But where is that book of human argumentation, where that system of human opinions, which has not been partly confuted or exploded? Novelty itself in matters of metaphysical inquiry often proves, in effect, a confutation of antecedent novelties. Opponents raise the celebrity of the doctrines they attack: newer doctrines stifle that celebrity. This is a truth, which the bigots of lord Herbert's age wou'd not have liked to hear; but what has happened to many other great men, has been his fate too: they who meant to wound his fame, extended it: when the cry of enthusiasts was drawn off to fresher game, his renown grew fainter. His moral character recovered it's lustre, but has fewer spectators to gaze at it.

This introduction to his life may not be improper, though at first it may mislead the reader, who will hence perhaps expect from his own pen some account of a person's creed, whom a few sottish zealots once represented as having none at all.

all. His lordship's thorough belief and awfull veneration of the Deity will clearly appear in these pages; but neither the unbeliever nor the monk will have farther satisfaction. This life of a philosopher is neither a deduction of his opinions nor a table of philosophy—I will anticipate the reader's surprize, though it shall be but in a word: to his astonishment he will find, that the History of Don Quixote was the Life of Plato.

' The noble family, which gives these sheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was designed for it by those, who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above suppressing what lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, passions, perhaps some vanity, surely some wrongheadedness; these he scorned to conceal, for he sought truth, wrote on truth, was truth: he honestly told when he had missed or mistaken it. His descendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, desire the world to make this candid observation with them, "That there must have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of strong resolution and manly philosophy, which in an age of such mistaken and barbarous gallantry, of such absurd usages and false glory, cou'd enable lord Herbert to seek some better founded, and cou'd make him reflect that there might be a more desirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duellist." None shut their eyes so obstinately against seeing what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a mastery in it: but that was not the case of lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroism in vogue what it wou'd; his sound parts made him a philosopher. Few men in truth have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, wou'd perhaps injury his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to shine in every sphere, into which his impetuous temperament, or predominant reason conducted him.

' As a soldier he won the esteem of those great captains the prince of Orange and the constable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person wou'd have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when it's prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write it's annals as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament that he did not compleat, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by meditation and philo-

phic inquiries. Strip each period of it's excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which wou'd better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; business of state in the middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life: this was lord Herbert: the deduction he will give himself.

' The MS. was in great danger of being lost to the world. Henry lord Herbert, grandson of the author, died in 1691 without issue, and by his will left his estate to Francis Herbert of Oakly-park (father of the present earl of Powis) his sister's son. At Lymore in Montgomeryshire (the chief seat of the family after Cromwell had demolished Montgomery castle) was preserved the original manuscript. Upon the marriage of Henry Lord Herbert with a daughter of Francis Earl of Bradford, Lymore, with a considerable part of the estate thereabouts, was allotted for her jointure. After his decease, lady Herbert usually resided there; she died in 1714. The MS. cou'd not then be found: yet while she lived there, it was known to have been in her hands. Some years afterwards it was discovered at Lymore among some old papers, in very bad condition, several leaves being torn out, and others stained to such a degree as to make it scarcely legible. Under these circumstances, inquiry was made of the Herberts of Ribbisford (descended from Sir Henry Herbert a younger brother of the author-lord) in relation to a duplicate of the Memoirs, which was confidently said to be in their custody. It was allowed that such a duplicate had existed; but no one could recollect what was become of it. At last, about the year 1737, this book was sent to the earl of Powis by a gentleman, whose father had purchased an estate of Henry Herbert of Ribbisford (son of Sir Henry Herbert abovementioned) in whom was revived in 1694, the title of Cherbury, which had extinguished in 1691. By him (after the sale of the estate) some few books, pictures and other things, were left in the house, and remained there to 1737. This manuscript was amongst them; which not only by the contents (as far as it was possible to collate it with the original) but by the similitude of the writing, appeared to be the duplicate, so much sought after.

' Being written when lord Herbert was past sixty, the work was probably never compleated. The spelling is in general given as in the MS. but some obvious mistakes it was necessary to correct, and a few notes have been added, to point out the most remarkable persons mentioned in the text. The style is remarkable good for that age, which coming between the

the nervous and expressive manliness of the preceding century, and the purity of the present standard, partook of neither. His lordship's observations are new and acute; some very shrewd, as that to the duc de Guise, p. 149; his discourse on the Reformation very wise. To the French confessor his reply, p. 170, was spirited; indeed his behaviour to Luynes and all his conduct, gave ample evidence of his constitutional fire. But nothing is more marked than the air of veracity or persuasion which runs through the whole narrative. If he makes us wonder, and wonder makes us doubt, the charm of his ingenuous integrity dispels our hesitation. The whole relation throws singular light on the manners of the age, though the gleams are transient. In those manners nothing is more striking than the strange want of police in this country. I will not point out instances, as I have already perhaps too much opened the contents of a book, which if it gives other readers half the pleasure it afforded me, they will own themselves extraordinarily indebted to the noble person, by whose favour I am permitted to communicate to them so great a curiosity.'

To this, we shall subjoin the circumstances of an attack made on lord Herbert, in consequence of the jealousy of Sir John Ayres, knt. who had entertained an unjust suspicion of this nobleman, concerning a supposed affair of gallantry with his wife.

—— Finding he cou'd take no advantage against me, then in a treacherous way he resolved to assassinate me in this manner; hearing I was to come to Whitehall on horseback with two lackies only, he attended my coming back in a place called Scotland-Yard, at the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed on purpose to kill me. I took horse at Whitehall gate and passing by that place, he being armed with a sword and dagger, without giving me so much as the least warning, ran at me furiously, but instead of me wounded my horse in the brisket, as far as his sword cou'd enter for the bone; my horse hereupon starting aside, he ran him again in the shoulder, which tho' it made the horse more timorous, yet gave me time to draw my sword; his men thereupon encompassed me and wounded my horse in three places more; this made my horse kick and fling in that manner as his men durst not come near me, which advantage I took to strike at Sir John Ayres with all my force, but he warded the blow both with his sword and dagger: instead of doing him harm, I broke my sword within a foot of the hilt; hereupon some passenger that knew me, and observing my horse bleeding in so many places, and so

many men assaulting me, and my sword broken, cried to me several times, ride away, ride away; but I scorning a base flight upon what terms soever, instead thereof alighted as well as I cou'd from my horse; I had no sooner put one foot upon the ground, but Sir John Ayres pursuing me, made at my horse again, which the horse perceiving pressed on me on the side I alighted, in that manner that he threw me down, so that I remained flat upon the ground, only one foot hanging in the stirrop, with that piece of a sword in my right hand; Sir John Ayres hereupon ran about the horse and was thrusting his sword into me, when I finding myself in this danger did with both my arms reaching at his legs pull them towards me, 'till he fell down backwards on his head; one of my footmen hereupon, who was a little Shropshire boy, freed my foot out of the stirrop, the other which was a great fellow having run away as soon as he saw the first assault; this gave me time to get upon my legs, and to put myself in the best posture I cou'd with that poor remnant of a weapon: Sir John Ayres by this time likewise was got up, standing betwixt me and some part of Whitehall, with two men on each side of him, and his brother behind him, with at least twenty or thirty persons of his friends or attendants of the earl of Suffolk; observing thus a body of men standing in opposition against me, tho' to speak truly I saw no swords drawn but by Sir John Ayres and his men, I ran violently against Sir John Ayres, but he knowing my sword had no point, held his sword and dagger over his head, as believing I cou'd strike rather than thrust, which I no sooner perceived but I put a home thrust to the middle of his breast, that I threw him down with so much force, that his head fell first to the ground, and his heels upwards; his men hereupon assaulted me, when one Mr. Mansel, a Glamorganshire gentleman, finding so many set against me alone, closed with one of them, a Scotch gentleman also closing with another, took him off also; all I cou'd well do to those two which remained, was to ward their thrusts, which I did with that resolution that I got ground upon them. Sir John Ayres was now got up a third time, when I making towards him with intention to close, thinking that there was otherwise no safety for me, put by a thrust of his with my left hand, and so coming within him, received a stab with his dagger on my right side, which ran down my ribs as far as my hip, which I feeling did with my right elbow force his hand together with the hilt of the dagger so near the upper part of my right side, that I made him leave hold. The dagger now sticking in me, Sir Henry Cary afterwards lord of Faulkland and lord deputy of Ireland, finding the dagger thus in my body snatcht it out; this

this while I being closed with Sir John Ayres, hurt him on the head, and threw him down a third time, when kneeling on the ground and bestriding him, I struck at him as hard as I cou'd with my piece of a sword, and wounded him in four several places, and did almost cut off his left hand; his two men this while struck at me, but it pleased God even miraculously to defend me, for when I lifted up my sword to strike at Sir John Ayres, I bore off their blows half a dozen times; his friends now finding him in this danger took him by the head and shoulders, and drew him from betwixt my legs, and carrying him along with them through Whitehall, at the stairs whereof he took boat. Sir Herbert Croft (as he told me afterwards) met him upon the water vomiting all the way, which I believe was caused by the violence of the first thrust I gave him; his servants, brother, and friends being now retir'd also, I remained master of the place and his weapons, having first wrested his dagger from him, and afterwards struck his sword out of his hand.

' This being done I retired to a friend's house in the Strand, where I sent for a surgeon who searching my wound on the right side, and finding it not to be mortal, cured me in the space of some ten days, during which time I receiv'd many noble visits and messages from some of the best in the kingdom. Being now fully recovered of my hurts, I desired Sir Robert Harley to go to Sir John Ayres, and tell him, that 'tho I thought he had not so much honor left in him, that I cou'd be any way ambitious to get it, yet that I desired to see him in the field with his sword in his hand; the answer that he sent me was, that I had whored his wife, and that he wou'd kill me with a musket out of a window.

' The lords of the privy counsell, who had first sent for my sword, that they might see the little fragment of a weapon with which I had so behaved myself, as perchance the like had not been heard in any credible way, did afterwards command both him and me to appear before them; but I absenting myself on purpose, set one Humphrey Hill with a challenge to him in an ordinary, which he refusing to receive, Humphrey Hill put it upon the point of his sword, and so let it fall before him, and the company then present.

' The lords of the privy counsell had now taken order to apprehend Sir John Ayres, when I finding nothing else to be done, submitted myself likewise to them. Sir John Ayres had now published every where, that the ground of his jealousy, and consequently of his assaulting me, was drawn from the confession of his wife the lady Ayres: she to vindicate her honor as well as free me from this accusation, sent a letter to her

aunt the lady Crook, to this purpose: That her husband Sir John Ayres did lie falsely, in saying that I ever whored her, but most falsely of all did lie when he said he had it from her confession, for she had never said any such thing.

' This letter the lady Crook presented to me most opportunely as I was going to the counsell table before the lords, who having examined Sir John Ayres concerning the cause of his quarrel against me, found him still persist on his wife's confession of the fact; and now he being withdrawn, I was sent for, when the duke of Lenox, afterwards of Richmond, telling me that was the ground of his quarrel, and the only excuse he had for assaulting me in that manner: I desired his lordship to peruse the letter, which I told him was given me as I came into the room; this letter being publickly read by a clerk of the counsel, the duke of Lenox then said, that he thought Sir John Ayres the most miserable man living, for his wife had not only given him the lie, as he found by her letter, but his father had disinherited him for attempting to kill me, in that barbarous fashion, which was most true as I found afterwards. For the rest, that I might content myself with what I had done, it being more almost than could be believed, but that I had so many witnesses thereof; for all which reasons he commanded me in the name of his majesty, and all their lordships, not to send any more to Sir John Ayres, nor to receive any message from him, in the way of fighting, which commandment I observed: howbeit I must not omit to tell, that some years afterwards Sir John Ayres returning from Ireland, by Beaumaris, where I then was, some of my servants and followers broke open the doors of the house where he was, and would (I believe) have cut him into pieces, but that I hearing thereof came suddenly to the house and recalled them, sending him word also, that I scorned to give him the usage he gave me, and that I would set him free out of the town, which courtesie of mine (as I was told afterwards) he did thankfully acknowledge.'

We should have gratified our readers with an abridgment of some of the adventures contained in this truly original performance, had we not been convinced that they must suffer much when represented otherwise than by lord Herbert himself, whose literary accomplishments could never appear to disadvantage, unless when brought into competition with that personal strength and fortitude of mind, which supported him thro' a life that might be fairly termed a regular series of hazardous adventures.

To criticise the language of this performance with any degree of minute severity would be a proceeding as useless as unjust.

just. The trivial defects which may be discovered in the style, were the defects of the age in which the author wrote, whose character even appears to disadvantage now, when all romantic ideas are entirely banished; or, if they are to be found any where, it is where they have taken up their last refuge, in the page of a few enthusiastic novellists.

To this work is prefixed a very elegant whole length portrait of lord Herbert of Cherbury, taken from an original painting, by Isaac Oliver, and engraved by Walker.

II. *Considerations on the Policy, Commerce, and Circumstances of the Kingdom.* 8vo. 4s. sewed. Almon.

THE author of this work seems to be one of those beings whom a periodical writer has distinguished by the appellation of Screech-owls, who are for ever prognosticating ruin, distress, and misfortune. It has been wittily observed, that an Englishman is never better pleased, than when he is told that his country is ruined and undone. He hugs the informer in his bosom, he admires his sagacity, and thanks him for his communication. If so, the author of the performance before us stands a good chance of being extremely popular, and of being accounted a most judicious observer; for there is plenty of this information in almost every page. Not that we reckon every thing he says altogether void of foundation, that we deny all that he has laid down for facts, or the inferences he draws from them; we would only be thought to understand that, agreeable to the practice of a screech-owl, he has greatly exaggerated matters, and rendered them much worse than they are. Indeed, we dissent from his general conclusion, that this country is rapidly declining in population, riches, and trade, and is running very fast to utter ruin; all which we think contrary to manifest experience, and the evidence of our senses; tho', at the same time, we do not pretend to controvert some of the assertions on which he supports his opinion, such as the course of exchange, the scarcity of foreign coin, and the high price of the precious metals. But we imagine, that granting these in all the latitude he requires, they are not sufficient to establish his conclusion.

This work, besides a preface, is divided into twenty-one chapters, the titles of which are as follow.

‘ Signs of the declining condition of the nation.—Commerce our great national object, as the only sure and lasting source of wealth and population.—On the internal policy of the state.—On the landed Interest.—On the monied, or trading

ing interest.—On the monied property of the funds.—On the labouring interest.—On taxes.—On exports, imports, and the balance of trade.—On national and commercial circulation.—On the comparative value of trade in manufactures, corn, &c.—A writer refuted, who has endeavoured to cause a preference being given to our corn trade.—On bounties; particularly those granted on exported corn, malt, and flour.—The landed-interest rightly considered.—On manufacturing police, and mercantile traders.—The present state of the British trade with Europe, Africa, and America.—On the state of the British trade and connections with Asia.—Reasons offered for believing that, without the very favourable turn our India concerns have taken, an uninterrupted North American and corn trade could not have kept the affairs of this kingdom in the condition they have been, and are at present.—On the state of our exchanges with the several parts of Europe.—On the prices of gold and silver, of late years, in this kingdom.—The conclusion.

Our author begins with asserting, there are few who scruple to acknowledge our situation to be extremely critical from our debts and taxes, and the decrease of our exports: That our debts and taxes are high no one denies; but that our exports decrease, requires to be proved. The contrary has been asserted on seemingly good grounds.—He goes on, and tells us, we have treasury information, that our population declines apace. This information, it seems, came from Mr. Grenville; but it was when he was no longer treasurer, and perhaps, disposed, like our author, to look at things through the wrong end of the perspective. The decrease of the houses in England from the year 1759 to 1766, is fixt at 5790. Were we to trust the evidence of our senses, and not the information of a discarded treasurer, we might be apt to compute their encrease at a greater number; for building is not confined to the capital, it extends over the whole kingdom; and the general idea of the villages deserted, exists no where in this kingdom, but in the imagination of a very ingenious poet. The greatest part of the foundation being thus deficient, his superstructure must fall to the ground. In short, his signs of the declining condition of the nation do not exist. His two next chapters are upon commerce, and the internal policy of the state; wherein what he says, is, indeed, just, but there is nothing new, or expressed in a very striking manner. The 4th and 5th chapters on the landed interest, and the monied, or trading interest, are well worth perusal, and being short, we shall here insert them.

‘ Land is, in itself, of little or no value to the owner. The solitary lord of a million of acres would be but a naked, defenceless, and miserable creature, destitute of every convenience and blessing of life. A landed man’s commodity, therefore, derives all its value from the commodities of others: such as the labour of the husbandman, the skill and toil of the artizan, the industry and property of the dealer (who purchases, like all other people, the products of lands, for consumption) and the wealth and knowledge of the merchant, who exports them.

‘ Experience has long shewn, that a people, by their skill and industry, may become rich, powerful and happy, without the possession of lands for agriculture; because money will procure a sure supply of such products from other countries. But land, without people, is of no value at all. Why, therefore, all power should be assumed by, and all preference in consideration be given to, the possessors of land, in any country, is an enquiry worth making; but more especially in a trading nation, like ours. Yet such has really become the case, from making a landed qualification necessary for obtaining a seat among the representatives of the people; and, in most instances, from having landed electors, or such as are under the influence of men of landed property.

‘ Hence has arisen the distinction of a landed interest; which has become paramount in its operations, from ingrossing all influence in the state, and all weight in the scale of interests; at least in comparison with theirs who give to land its whole value. And hence too has arisen the partial favour which we see shewn to that kind of property, by giving a more than natural value to the products of lands; to the injury of the state, the hurt of our national trade, and the prejudice of the people. But this is a point that will hereafter be more fully considered and explained.’

‘ The interest of traders, like that of landed men, is to make the most they can of their commodities, which are skill, industry, and money; being each of them separately, or all together, a man’s property: but they have no means, like landed men, to give them an artificial value. These commodities are generally employed in four distinct ways; which are manufacturing, dealing among ourselves, exporting the products of this kingdom to foreign parts, and importing those of other states to this country.

‘ The manufacturer’s is a very useful, and, of course, respectable calling. He applies his skill, industry and property to such purposes as are greatly serviceable to the state; by employing artizans to work the cheap materials of his own
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and other countries into valuable goods, as well for home use, as for foreign consumption. In doing which, he infinitely advances the worth of such things as are naturally of but little value : and is the means of furnishing abundance of good employment, to the support of population. He accommodates us not only with necessaries, but also elegancies, for our national use ; and supplies abundance likewise for exportation to other countries. In return for which last we receive either such commodities as we want, or gold and silver.

‘ The most valuable dealers among ourselves, are those who buy by wholesale of manufacturers and importers, and sell by retail to consumers. They are a numerous body of industrious people, who employ their property and credit, and exercise their talents, to purposes that are serviceable to others and themselves : and are, therefore, a necessary and valuable part of the community. There are, likewise, other kinds of dealers, or tradesmen, who are equally useful.

‘ Merchant exporters are those who invest great property in the manufactures and commodities of this kingdom, which they send to foreign countries for sale. The kind of traffick which they practise is, of all, the most estimable ; for they add to the riches of their country by the very profits which they make, being gained from other nations, and added to our own stock.

‘ Merchant importers are those who supply us, from other countries, with the necessaries we want. Raw materials, brought hither to work up for re-exportation, are more beneficial in the acquisition than gold and silver. All that is useful, or necessary, are valuable imports : but expensive articles for luxury, and whatever is introduced to the prejudice of our own products, or arts, are pernicious.

‘ Factors, are those who transact business for people residing in other countries, or in the remote parts of this kingdom. The profits they make, by dealings from abroad, are clear gains to this country ; and in their transactions for their fellow-subjects at home, they may be considered as highly useful.

‘ There are other kinds of dealers, who are pernicious to this country ; such as engrossers, for enhancing the prices of raw materials of all sorts, any kind of merchandize that is applicable to such arts as are called useful, or the necessaries of life. To these may be added stock-jobbers and state-jobbers : all of which kinds of dealings should, as much as possible, be discouraged and prevented. Such as are necessary to practise, might be better regulated than at present, which could easily be so done as to occasion great savings to the state.’

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There are many things in the five succeeding chapters which deserve to be attended to, but nothing very particular occurs, till our author comes to treat of the corn-trade, which he does in the 11th, 12th, and 13th chapters. His sentiments are to us new, and appear to be extremely just, and we think it our duty to recommend them to the serious consideration of all men. He advances one seeming paradox, which is, however, undoubted fact, that those countries which raise no corn of their own growth, such as Holland, never feel any scarcity of it. The reason for this is obvious; nothing is so precarious as the produce of harvests, and the Dutch having none of their own, never trust to it, but having always a certain demand, purchase it where it is cheapest; and there being a constant market, more or less, for that commodity in Holland, there is a perpetual influx of it from other countries, where it can be spared; so that it is often sold cheaper there than where it grows. This author, in our opinion, likewise justly condemns the attempting to make a staple commodity of corn; for, he says, a trade in it must be always precarious: the reason of which must be sufficiently clear to the most superficial observer, which is no other than the uncertainty of harvests, both in other countries and in our own. From what we have said, it will be readily conjectured, that our author is no friend to bounties upon exportation. What he says on this article is worthy of attention.

‘ The act to establish bounties on corn, &c. passed the two houses of parliament during the interregnum, immediately preceded by that for abolishing hearth-money. It was the first act that passed concerning trade, and stands in the statute-book, the twelfth made in the reign of William and Mary; preceding all those made for the establishment of government, and thereby is made to appear almost conditional for doing it. The act declaring the rights and liberties of the subject, and for settling the succession of the crown, being so far behind it as the thirty-fifth; that for the recognition of the king and queen the forty-fourth, and that for settling the civil-list revenue the fifty-seventh of the first year of their reign.

‘ There can be no doubt entertained, that landed men had experienced inconveniences from the high duties on exportation: however those on importation, though injurious to the state and people, were very advantageous to them. But surely the abolition of the former, with the continuation of the latter, might well have contented them.

‘ They appear to have been very eager to seize the only opportunity likely to offer for making the whole body of people their tributaries, for such by that act they most grievously became:

came: though, from time and craft, farmers and jobbers have since gradually wrested the advantages almost entirely out of their hands. Let us now hope that more wisdom and honesty will soon procure their entire abolition, as highly mischievous to the state.

‘ It has already been observed, that no country was ever made opulent, or powerful, by agriculture and trade in provisions, even where duties were charged on exportation. But our practice of granting bounties on such provisions is without an example, and probably will for ever be without a follower.

‘ Bounties of every kind are useless, often very hurtful, and not unfrequently mere jobs. None can be serviceable except, for a short time, to favour new undertakings, of which more than ordinary hopes can be rationally entertained. A trade that cannot be carried on without them, should be always thought not worth pursuing, as they but serve to burthen better branches, by the taxes which they occasion. Drive the nail that will go, says the proverb, very wisely: for to endeavour at driving that which will not readily go, must prove labour in vain; nay loss of expence, as well as toil. Our trade in spare corn ever did, and always will go sufficiently on without any kind of aid. And the bounties are so far from bringing more money into the kingdom, that they only serve to lessen such returns. They in no degree affect the prices of grain at foreign markets in our favour; but only serve to enable rival workmen to eat it cheaper than our own people.

‘ The argument most urged by writers in favour of the bounties is, that corn has been cheaper since their establishment than before. But whether such be the fact or not, is by no means worth disputing; the single point for consideration being, what the medium price of corn ordinarily is throughout Europe. This every man, who has a competent knowledge of the corn trade of the world, must know to be, comparatively estimated with respect to quality, not more than equal to that of England at six and twenty shillings a quarter, market price. Let it be observed, that English wheat may be considered as nearest the medium quality of any: that of the countries southward of France being from ten to twenty per cent. better; and that of the Baltic, Holland, Flanders, France, and North-America, from five to ten per cent. worse, there being ordinarily such differences in the prices of them at all foreign markets; and by their respective prices, the medium value of ours cannot be more than I have mentioned.

‘ This medium of six and twenty shillings a quarter, market price, we are to consider then as its full average value,

compared with the medium prices of other countries, the respective qualities and intrinsic worth of all rightly considered. Nor is this rate of estimation likely to alter in our favour, because the growth of corn is become an object far more regarded in many foreign countries, of late years, than it was formerly: not indeed with a view in all to exportation, but to prevent importation, as we know has been avowedly the case in Portugal; and we feel the effects of it sufficiently in the prices of their wines. Lisbon was always a place of considerable importation, often very great: but for the year to come, that is, till next harvest, there is like to be no call for foreign corn, and what they had upon hand has been long selling at great loss; so that our ideas of the medium value of corn here are to the last degree chimerically ridiculous, as will certainly be made evident, if the seasons should prove favourable to the crops of next year about the world, as they probably will, because usually the case: for then we shall find the prices throughout Europe will be low; and little or no foreign demand for our corn must force down prices here, as we may probably experience even during the approaching winter: and indeed the sooner we become awakened from our present dream of delirium on this subject, it will be the better for the kingdom.

‘ Infinitely preferable would it be for this country, were we to make the exportation of corn less our object, as then many of our lands would become appropriated to better kinds of culture; such as would be more serviceable to the community, and better likewise for those of the landed interest, because of a less fluctuating value.

‘ If corn then has fallen in its value here since the establishment of the bounties, it has likewise done the same, and in greater degrees, in the other parts of Europe, owing to a more extensive cultivation of it every where. But if corn has become cheaper, all other farming necessaries have been much raised in this country, perhaps nearly doubled in their prices; such as beef, mutton, bacon, pork, butter, cheese, &c. Nay, we are forced annually to import oats, in spite of our added bounty on that grain and oatmeal, though for the encouragement of growth and exportation, I believe, no such bounties have been ever paid, as oats and oatmeal are not used in the southern countries, where even horses are fed with barley; while, in consequence of our other bounties, we have been forced, as hath been already remarked, to grant premiums for the growth of flax, and bounties on the exportation of linen manufactures; with (to the loss of much useful employment) admitting the importation of linen yarn, like rough flax, free
of

of duty. So that, upon the whole, the payment of the bounties, as before was observed, has not only been a direct tax on the people to their whole amount, but also an indirect tax, in the prices of those commodities for their consumption, to the full of the differences between market and shipping rates; with favouring in that degree the labour of rival nations, preventing the production of other raw materials at home, and raising the prices of them to manufacturers. The burthens, therefore, which they occasion are become, with our immense taxes, insupportable by trade, and in effect by the kingdom; as will be made appear by the state of our commerce, and the circumstances of the kingdom. It must, therefore, be high time to rid the nation of such an evil.'

The two following chapters on the landed interest, rightly considered, and on manufacturing, police, and mercantile traders, are both extremely judicious, and contain many just and solid observations. We shall not, however, follow our author so closely through the remaining part of his work, for he is now come to the disagreeable part of his subject, in which we think him generally, though not always in the wrong; particularly, if the decline of our commerce to Europe, Africa, and America, be as great as he alledges, it has certainly been compensated by the acquisitions and great successes of the East-India company in Asia. Besides, granting what he says respecting the course of exchange, having turned against this country in the course of the last ten years to be well founded, all his inferences do not from thence follow. On the contrary, we imagine, that the alteration in the course of exchange may be better accounted for in the following manner. The successes, and other various consequences and operations of the last war, in all probability, occasioned an artificial accumulation of wealth in this country, and now that cause having ceased, things are at present only returning to their natural and usual level. The course of exchange being generally against any country, is rather a proof that they are too rich, or, at least richer, in proportion than their neighbours, than that they growing poor. But where the exchange is universally in favour of any people, it is an undoubted proof that such a people is actually poor, but no evidence that they are growing proportionably rich; for examples to illustrate which, we need go no further than the Swedes and Russians, who, we believe, have a balance in their favour with all nations with whom they have any dealings; yet, who will compare the trade and riches of those countries with the opulence and splendor of Great Britain.

Our author's conclusion seems to be chiefly common-place and declamation, therefore we shall pass it by, and content ourselves with giving it as our opinion, that this is on the whole a sensible performance, and appears to be written by an intelligent person.

III. *Memoirs of the Marquis de St. Forlaix. Translated from the French of Mons. Framery. By Mrs. Brooke. 4 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Doddsley.*

WE have read many novels more sentimental than the present; but very few more interesting to the heart. The story abounds with incidents which are extremely affecting, and is worked up in a very masterly manner. Love, the life and soul of romance, is the great spring which actuates almost all the parties concerned in these Memoirs, and involves them in various perplexities and distresses. This active passion is represented under different forms; and is punished or rewarded, according to its licentiousness or its purity. Its operations in the heart of a female voluptuary, hackneyed in the ways of men, are displayed in character of the marshall's D'Eff—. The consequences of blindly and precipitately indulging the passions, are represented in the strongest light by the misfortunes of Corfange and Henrietta. And the happy effects of a prudent and virtuous attachment, are exemplified in the marquis de St. Forlaix and his amiable Julia.

The characters in this history are well marked, and properly supported; and the tendency of the story is unexceptionable in point of morality.

Mrs. Brooke has observed, that there are some passages in the letters of Corfange and Henrietta, which, had she not thought fidelity the first duty of a translator, she would have wished to omit. The picture of Henrietta, she says, appears to her to be drawn with too careless and too coarse a hand. The painting is lively; and, allowing for the difference of climate, of national character, and the peculiar vehemence of her temper, perhaps, upon the whole, natural: but it wants that delicacy of coloring, those soft tints, those light, those almost imperceptible touches, without which it is impossible to delineate the female character, even in its deviation from the genuine loveliness of virtue.—A well educated woman, and such Henrietta is represented to be, might possibly have felt the passion of love to the degree, but not in the manner, our author describes: she would, at least, have expressed it differently; even vice itself, in the gentler sex, till the mind is

totally depraved by habit, retains the blushing veil of modesty.'

It must, indeed, be allowed, that some of the letters of Henrietta, in which she describes her interviews with Corsange, are excessively warm and amorous; her imagination is in a flame, she is intoxicated by her passion, and her descriptions are carried beyond the bounds of delicacy and decorum. But may it not be said, in vindication of the author, that the character of Henrietta is intended to be a contrast to that of Julia; that the former of these ladies, in consequence of her licentious disposition, and her criminal indulgences, is involved in the greatest calamities; and that if her soul had been more pure, her punishment would have been too severe?

The following letter is written by Julia, in answer to one of the passionate rhapsodies of Henrietta.

' To Henrietta De St. Forlaix, at St. Forlaix.

Paris.

' I received lately a letter addressed to me, which could not however be intended for me. It appeared to be the handwriting of Henrietta; but as I found there neither her modest style, nor her pure and decent thoughts, it cannot certainly be her who writes to me.—My Henrietta has all the modesty which becomes her rank, and still more her sex; if she was ever capable of any act of dishonor, which is impossible, she would blush so much for her own weakness, that she could never display the detestable picture to the eyes of a friend, a friend still ardently attached to virtue.

' My Henrietta is virtuous, and if she should suffer her heart to be surprized by any passion, this passion would be virtuous also; her imagination, ever regulated by propriety and decency, would not allow itself to be hurried away by ideas hateful and unworthy of her.

' This letter is filled with images at which virtue shudders. It can only proceed from a mind disordered, and in some degree corrupted.

' It is addressed to me; to me for whom such pictures were not intended.

' I wish to know the young person by whom it was written. She is not yet lost perhaps beyond resource; she has not yet perhaps fallen into the gulph which opens under her feet; I would warn her, I would endeavor to point it out to her.

" You do not then perceive," would I say to her, " the fatal consequences of the situation to which your heart exposes you? Imagination inflames the desires; and when, with those of a lover, one has one's own to combat, the voice of honor is very weak: our ears are shut to its remonstrances.

" Impru-

“Imprudent as you are, you accustom yourself to grant favors which appear to you trifling; these favors will, whilst they weaken your power of resisting, render your lover more daring and presumptuous; they will make him expect still greater, which you will be no longer able to refuse him; he will take advantage of the sensibility which he discovers in you, and your certain destruction will be the inevitable consequence. Combat and surmount this dangerous sensibility, or at least endeavor to dissemble it. Do still more; virtue expects of you this effort; renounce the presence of him who excites it. This sacrifice is painful; but honor, to whom every thing is due, demands it.

“If, unhappily,” I would add, “you are fallen into the error I wish to prevent, or even into the greatest, your friend, though obliged to withdraw part of her esteem, will not, however, refuse you her friendship; she will join to it even the tenderest compassion for your weakness, because her heart is truly attached to you. Turn then to this friend, she will know how to pity you; but she neither can nor ought to partake your extravagances, of which the knowledge can only make her blush for you and herself.”

“This, my Henrietta, is what I would say to this young unfortunate, who is in such danger of falling a victim to her blind and inconsiderate passion. Do not you, my dear friend, think me right? would you not, if in my place, say as much? and if you were in that of this young person, would you not receive with pleasure these admonitions, the warmth of which has its rise in the ardent zeal of friendship.

“You would undoubtedly have made the proper use of them, because one moment of weakness could not have been able to eradicate for ever from a soul like yours, either the seeds of virtue or those of reason.

“Adieu! I am called away. I had, notwithstanding, a thousand things to tell you: they interest me so strongly, that they cannot fail of interesting my friend.

“I reserve them till the next post. Adieu, dear Henrietta! inform me immediately of your health.”

We shall not attempt to give our readers the outlines of this interesting story. Such a sketch would convey but a very imperfect idea of this performance, the beauty of which, in a great measure, consists in little strokes, and minute circumstances, which must be inevitably omitted in a concise detail of the principal facts. Besides, as *Mrs. Brooke* very justly remarks, such an anticipation of the story would lessen extremely the pleasure of the reader, one of whose first gratifications, is, undoubtedly, that arising from surprise.

The ingenious translator of these Memoirs is so well known to the public by the Letters of Lady Catesby, the Histories of Julia Mandeville, Emily Montague, &c. that it would be superfluous, on this occasion, to say any thing of her literary abilities: it will therefore be sufficient to observe in general, that, in this translation, she has preserved the ease, the vivacity, and the spirit of the original.

IV. *Cases in Surgery, with Remarks. Part the First.* By Charles White, F. R. S. One of the Corporation of Surgeons in London, and Surgeon to the Manchester Infirmary. To which is added an *Essay on the Ligature of Arteries.* By J. Aikin, Surgeon. 4s. 6d. Johnston.

AS experiment and observation are unquestionably the great means of improvement in physical and chirurgical knowledge, nothing is more obvious than the advantage which must accrue to those arts from a faithful relation of facts, when they have been fully ascertained by men of judgment and accuracy in their profession. In consequence, therefore, of a just application of this remark, we cannot fail to admit, without reserve, the merit of the production before us.

Among many valuable new cases, this volume contains a few which have been formerly published in other works, and which, as we have already given a more particular account of them, we shall now only mention in their order. It is our opinion, however, that they are here republished with great propriety, since by this means the author's detached observations are drawn into one general collection.

The first article in this volume is an account of a new method of amputating the leg a little above the ankle joint. The author informs us, that in disorders of the ankle which required amputation, he has often, with regret, robbed the patient of a great deal of the sound part of the limb, by conforming to the custom of amputating in the usual place a little below the knee, till he was convinced of the utility of a different method of practice, by observing the activity of a woman on whom, at the desire of her brother, who was a carpenter, and made her a wooden leg, the operation was performed a little above the ankle. By this means, she enjoyed the free use of her knee-joint in flexion and extension. Mr. White at first amputated by the double incision, but afterwards adopted the method of the flap-operation, as it is improved by Mr. O'Halloran, unless the flap could not be made large enough, from particular circumstances.

The second is an extraordinary case of an accumulation of feces in the intestines. A girl about fifteen years of age had been received into the Manchester Infirmary for a swelling of her abdomen, with which she had been afflicted above three months. The disorder had greatly the appearance of an ascites, and tapping had been proposed. But no fluctuation being perceived, and some other circumstances also contraindicating the design, the operation was judged unadvisable. It appeared on a more particular inquiry, that for several successive summers, about the month of August, she had been seized with great costiveness, and tumefaction of the belly, which continued till the approach of the cold weather; when she had copious discharges of stool, which entirely relieved her till the same time of the year returned. Her complaint, however, had, this season, protracted its ordinary term; for she was a patient in the hospital towards the end of November, from whence being discharged at her own request, she died in three days after. On opening the abdomen, there was found no great quantity of air, or water, but an accumulation of feces which had distended all the intestines, and particularly the colon to nearly the thickness of a man's thigh. Had purgatives been early enough administered, before the tone of the intestines had been entirely destroyed by the long distention, this girl, in all probability, had recovered of her disorder; and indeed we cannot help being somewhat surprized, that the symptoms and history of the disease did not suggest such an indication to the gentlemen of the Manchester Infirmary. Her disorder, however, was certainly too far advanced before she came under their care.

We are afterwards presented with several cases of plumb and cherry-stones retained in the intestines, which gave rise to very grievous complaints. Instances of this kind occur in many medical authors, and it is to be wished that the danger was properly attended to. We heartily concur, therefore, with Mr. White in cautioning against it. 'My intention, says he, in publishing these is not only to inform young practitioners, but to warn mankind in general of the great danger which attends the swallowing of the stones of fruit; and I doubt not but many have lost their lives from this cause, when the disorder has not been known, but mistaken for the cholic. Parents would do well to warn their children of the danger they incur by this practice; and I cannot help mentioning a ridiculous notion among the common people, that swallowing the stones helps the fruit to digest.'

The two subsequent articles are on large tumours of the scrotum, cured by operations, and one of which was accom-

panied with a hernia intestinalis. We shall extract the account of the second tumour, as being of a very extraordinary size. It is related by Dr. White, the author's father, by whom it was successfully extirpated.

' July 20, 1725, I was sent for to Mr. Warrington, of Whaley bridge, in Cheshire, a very tall, strong, lusty man, aged seventy-two. About twenty years before, he had perceived a hard tumour in his right testicle, which had, since that time, gradually increased to such an enormous bulk that he could not, without the greatest difficulty, either sit or walk. At last the pain, occasioned by its tending to a suppuration, together with a fever, obliged him to keep his bed. He likewise complained very much of a pain in his loins, and a difficulty of making water, together with great costiveness. When the bandage by which the tumour was supported from his neck was taken off, I viewed it, and found the scrotum to measure, from the os pubis to the bottom, near thirty inches, and apparently capable of containing five or six gallons. The penis was entirely buried in the tumour, a small hole, not unlike a navel, remaining for the discharge of the urine. The tumour had burst of itself in the most depending part, and the people about him had caught a gallon of reddish matter, with a red sediment, besides what was lost in the bed, and upon the cloaths.

' Upon examination with a probe, I found a large putrid body, that proved to be the right testicle in a corrupted state, grown to the size of a child's head, which blocked up the orifice, and hindered the discharge of the matter. I dilated this orifice with a pair of crooked scissars, and two gallons more of the same matter were discharged, together with the testicle, which I easily took out. Its internal substance was of a bright red colour. After taking up an artery which had been divided, I filled the cavity with tow, well moistened with *spirit of wine* and *mel. Egypt.* made warm, and applied the proper dressings. He rested very ill that night, and a great quantity of thin purulent matter was discharged. His pulse was unequal and trembling, the affected parts were cold, and this large bag, which the day before was three fingers thick in the bottom, callous, and rigid, in the morning was become quite flaccid. All these symptoms strongly indicating a mortification, I forewarned my patient and his friends of the danger, in order that extirpation might immediately take place. This being consented to, I proceeded in the following manner: I introduced my hand and arm beyond the elbow, by the incision that was already made, in order to find the penis, and preserve it unhurt; I then divided the sac from its
base

bare to the hole where the urine was discharged, and dissected the skin round the penis, preserving as much of it as possible towards the os pubis, that the surface of the wound might be lessened. I finished with cutting off both sides from the groin. He bore this tedious operation with the greatest fortitude, and the whole wound was cicatrized in two months. The penis was restored to its natural figure; and, notwithstanding his long illness, his advanced age, and the great discharge of blood and matter, he perfectly recovered a vigorous state of health.

'It is worthy of observation that the spermatic vessels on both sides had degenerated into ligaments, and did not discharge a drop of blood. The left testicle was soft, flaccid, and increased, to near the size of a horse's. It was affected with a perfect hydrocele. The whole mass of flesh, after the operation, weighed eight pounds.

'This case seems parallel to that of the negro, of which Mr. Cheselden has given a figure, with the following description in his Anatomy, edit. 4. tab. 26.

"The lower parts of a negro, whose scrotum was swelled to this size, from a kick, (the spermatic vessels being not at all thickened) the greatest length was twenty-seven inches, and the greatest horizontal circumference forty-two inches. He was the late Mr. Dickenson's patient in St. Thomas's hospital. The tumour was solid, without inflammation or pain; but what parts were affected we could not learn, he not staying for the operation. At the dark place he could pull out the penis, when the scrotum was lifted up."

'In a conversation I had some years after with Mr. Cheselden, he was much pleased with my relation of the above case, and regretted very much the negro's running away out of the hospital, and depriving him of the opportunity of seeing the event.'

We are afterwards presented with some useful observations on the tumours of new-born children, together with the *vari* & *valgi*, or distorted feet.

The next case is an account of the successful treatment of a locked jaw, and other spasmodic symptoms, supposed to have been occasioned by a wound of a finger, and published in the Medical Observations. The two succeeding papers are republished from the Philosophical Transactions. One of them contains a case in which the head of the *os humeri* was sawn off, a large portion of the bone afterwards exfoliated, and yet the entire motion of the limb was preserved. The other is an account of a remarkable operation on a broken arm. The subjects of the following articles are, a fractured thigh,

attended with uncommon circumstances; and an account of an operation performed upon a broken leg, in which the fractured tibia was not united, though thirty-six weeks had elapsed after the accident. These are succeeded by an account of a new method of reducing shoulders, which have been several months dislocated, without the use of an ambe, in cases where the common methods have proved ineffectual, republished from the Medical Observations, and accompanied with a Supplement, containing more useful remarks on that subject. After this, is an account of a complete luxation of the thigh-bone, in an adult, by external violence, and inserted in the Philosophical Transactions. The following case, of a dislocation of the eye, as it is termed by the author, is so remarkable that we shall extract it.

‘ C. D. applied to me about ten years ago, upon account of the following remarkable accident which had just happened. As he sat in company, a person thrust the small end of a tobacco-pipe through the middle of his lower eyelid. It had passed between the globe of the eye and the inferior and external circumference of the orbit, which is composed of the os mali, and was forced through that portion of the os maxillare, which constitutes the lower and internal part of the orbit. The pipe was broken in the wound, and the part broken off, which from the examination of the remainder appeared to be about three inches, was quite out of sight, or feeling; nor could the patient give any account of what was become of it. The eye was dislocated upwards, pressing the upper eye-lid against the superior part of the orbit; the pupil pointed upwards perpendicularly, the musculus deprimens was upon the full stretch, and the sight of the eye was intirely taken from him. I applied one thumb above and the other below the eye, and, after a few attempts to reduce it, the eye suddenly slipped into its socket. The man instantly recovered his perfect sight, and felt no other inconvenience than that of a constant smell of tobacco-smoke in his nose for a long time after; for, as he informed me, the pipe had just been smoked in before the accident. About two years afterwards he called upon me to acquaint me, that he had that morning, in a fit of coughing, thrown out of his throat a piece of tobacco-pipe, measuring two inches, which was discharged with such violence as to be thrown seven yards from the place where he stood. In about six weeks he threw out another piece, measuring an inch, in the same manner, and has never since felt the least inconvenience.’

‘ Remark.] Perhaps the term *dislocation*, for which indeed, in this case, I have no precedent, may be objected to. I believe

lieve we have here an accident that was never described by any author; but the eye was certainly as much dislocated as ever a joint was; and the etymology of the word will undoubtedly bear the application I have given it. I am not at all amazed that the tunica conjunctiva and the muscles should bear to be stretched, without suffering any injury; but it is rather surprising that the optic nerve, after being so suddenly elongated, should in no respect suffer, and that the man should recover the perfect sight of his eye immediately after its reduction. It was luckily indeed not above half an hour in this unfortunate situation; had it been longer, in all probability, the event would not have been so happy for my patient.

There follows next an account of an extraordinary tumour on the lower part of the orbit of the eye, thrusting the eye out of its socket, successfully extirpated by Dr. Thomas White.

As the dissection of a part on which the operation for an aneurism had been performed, is so extremely rare, we doubt not but many of our medical readers will be pleased with the following information; and shall therefore only observe that there is a plate delineating the preparation.

‘About two years ago a woman died in the Lunatic Hospital in Manchester, who, about fourteen years before, had undergone the operation for an aneurism, occasioned by bleeding in the right arm, which perfectly succeeded. As opportunities of examining the state of the parts after death seldom occur, I was determined not to miss that which now offered. I accordingly injected the axillary artery with wax, and then took the arm off at the joint, and dissected it. The annexed figure is a true representation of its appearance.

‘As I do not recollect to have seen or heard of a preparation of this sort, I imagine it will not be unacceptable to the public. We may here not only admire the wonderful power of nature in continuing the circulation, when almost three inches of the principal artery were obliterated, but surgeons may be encouraged never to despair of success in a similar operation: for in this case the humeral artery was tied above its division into the radial, ulnar, and interoscal arteries: and the small capillary arteries appear to have undergone so great a dilatation, as when taken together, to exceed in diameter the trunk of the humeral artery, which, by their tortuous anastomoses, they fill again beneath the obliteration.

‘My worthy friend Dr. Hunter has done me the honour to give this preparation a place amongst his valuable collections.’

All the remaining cases relate to the use of the sponge in stopping hæmorrhages; a practice recommended by this ingenious

nious author in a former publication, and now enforced by farther experiments. Besides the advantage of the sponge in stopping hæmorrhages, Mr. White subscribes warmly to its good effects in preventing the absorption of matter, as suggested, in the Medical Observations, by Mr. Kirkland. We shall extract the author's conclusion of the important subject of these cases.

‘ *Conclusion.*] I made use of the sponge for the stoppage of hæmorrhages in all cases indiscriminately, for near three years, in which time there were nineteen amputations of the larger extremities, six of which were of the thigh, and most of the principal operations of surgery, as lithotomy, castration, bubonecele, the trepan, schirrous and cancerated breasts, and encysted tumours, besides many accidental wounds, and violent hæmorrhages from the extraction of teeth, where it was peculiarly serviceable, and after the application of leeches. In all these trials it never failed me, except in one instance, which was after amputating the thigh of a young gentleman, who had a white swelling in the knee, attended with constant convulsive twitches in his leg and thigh so great as to raise the limb every five minutes from the pillow. These twitches continued after the operation, and would never allow the sponge to adhere. After some ineffectual trials of it, I secured the femoral artery with the needle and ligature, and the patient went on very well for three weeks, so as to be able to sit up many hours in a day, to read and write, and play on the flute, but about the expiration of that time he was seized with the symptoms of a locked jaw, and died in a few days.

‘ Notwithstanding all these cases in its favour, there is one inconvenience attending its use in very large arteries, which is its uncertainty for a very few hours after its application, so that I never durst trust it without its being narrowly watched for some time; but after four or five hours were expired, I always thought it perfectly secure, even more so than the needle and ligature.

‘ Upon hearing of Mr. Bromfield's success in drawing out arteries with the tenaculum, and including the vessel alone in the ligature, I was induced to try this practice. In the large arteries which are surrounded with a good deal of cellular substance, the vessel may easily be drawn out alone; and here too much cannot be said in favour of this method, which is totally free from pain, and from the inconvenience attending every other mode of practice. But the small arteries situated amongst the muscles can seldom or ever be drawn out without some of the fibres of the muscles with them, the tying of which must necessarily be attended with pain. Yet here I

even

even think it preferable to the needle ; however, if I may be allowed to judge impartially, the sponge deserves the preference over every other method, wherever the smaller arteries are divided, in such cases where the larger arteries cannot be taken up by the tenaculum or needle, or where the flesh is become so tender as to give way to the ligature.

‘ It may be thought that I conclude the needle of no use, but I should be sorry to be debarred the practice of it, as occasions may offer where it may be serviceable, and it is always right to be provided with more remedies than one.

‘ In regard to the means which nature employs in the stoppage of hæmorrhages from divided arteries, I never thought Petit’s theory of coagulum at all probable. A coagulum of blood formed at the end of an artery is so far from being of any service, except in some few cases where the air cannot get admission, that it is absolutely prejudicial, as I have often observed, and should always be removed before the application of sponge, or any fungous substance.

‘ Pouteau’s hypothesis, that the swelling of the surrounding cellular substance closes the artery, seemed more probable ; but I am now convinced, from several observations, that, according to the supposition of Mr. Gooch, since confirmed by my ingenious friend Mr. Kirkland, the arteries, by their natural contraction, coalesce as far as their first ramification. The following cases are good proofs of this doctrine.

‘ An old woman had a compound fracture of the fore-arm, by which the tendons were lacerated, and the joint at the wrist much shattered. In three weeks after the accident she was seized with great pain, and with convulsions and spasms in her right leg, from whence I judged it proper to amputate in the middle of the fore-arm without further delay. The arteries were stopped with sponge. The spasm in the leg however continued, and was followed by others all over her, and she died convulsed on the twenty-ninth day after the accident, and the eighth from the operation. I was desirous of seeing in what state the arteries were after the use of the sponge, and for this purpose laying bare the humeral artery, I cut it open to the place where it divides into the radial and ulnar branches. I then introduced a common silver probe into each branch, which passed very easily to a certain point, which seemed about an inch from the extremity of the stump, but could go not further. I then used bristles, and pushed them with all the force they would bear, but they stopped at the same place. I next laid open the arteries to their extremities, and found them intirely closed, near an inch from the end of the stump ; but from that point upwards their capacities

ties were not at all diminished, nor was there any coagulum or clot of blood in the vessels, or any where near them.

‘ In the arm I have by me, on which the operation for an aneurism had been performed, it is plain to a demonstration, by the injection, that the artery was closed both above and below the ligature to the next lateral branch: and it is not likely that the surgeon who performed the operation should have made his ligatures at so great a distance from each other as three inches.’

From the general account which we have given of the several cases contained in this volume, they must be allowed to deserve the attention of those for whom they are intended; and a desire for the public good makes us receive with pleasure, the author's intimation of a farther prosecution of such subjects.

To these cases is annexed an ingenious essay on the ligature of arteries, by Mr. Aikin, surgeon; a young gentleman who appears to have received his education under the care of Mr. White, and, we think, bids fair to follow the footsteps of his master in the improvement of his profession.

V. *Voyages and Travels through the Russian Empire, Tartary, and Part of the Kingdom of Persia.* By John Cook, M. D. at Ham-
milton. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s. boards. Cadell.

IT appears that Dr. Cook, the author of these travels, had served in a medical capacity in the Russian army, from the year 1736 to about 1751, during which period he had been in many parts of that empire, Tartary, and the kingdom of Persia. As he is generally circumstantial in his narrative, and was much engaged in active scenes of life, he may sometimes be thought to deviate into a relation of transactions of too personal and uninteresting a nature: but even on these occasions, a reader of discernment may discover such marks of an honest spirit, and ingenuous integrity, as will, in a great measure, compensate for the defect of more curious gratification. At the same time, that our author entertains us, with his own private concerns, he fails not to inform us of whatever is most remarkable in the several countries through which he passes. The account of the regulations in Russia, respecting his own profession, must impress us with an high idea of the wisdom of their great legislator.

‘ It is a regulation through all Russia, that every surgeon, whether in the service or not, is obliged in difficult cases to call for the advice of some regular physician or senior surgeon, whe-

whether the case is internal, or purely chirurgical; nor dare any surgeon perform an operation on any person, without previously having had the advice and concurrence of such, if possible to be got. If the patient should die, or have reason to complain, the presumptuous surgeon would not escape punishment. Where there is difficulty or danger, even physicians are obliged to call the advice of others, if to be had; and if they neglect to do so, and death should follow, they will not escape punishment. I knew two physicians who, for such neglect and malpractice, were instantly expelled the service. No apothecary dare give medicines without orders from a physician or surgeon. At every grand apothecary's shop a good surgeon is appointed, with a sufficient salary, to attend daily two hours forenoon and afternoon, to give advice to the poor; and if such are not able to pay for the medicines, the apothecary notwithstanding dispenseth them, and placeth such to the aid of the empress. If any person, not having a licence from the Medicine Chancery, should presume to give medicines to patients, the penalty is no less than to suffer the knute, to be sent to the galleys during pleasure, and confiscation of all he has, one half for the empress, the other to the informer. If any attendant or servant should give any medicines, meats or drink, to a sick person, not authorised by the physician, he shall not, when discovered, escape a severe whipping.

In the article of the Russian religion, we are presented with a detail of the celebration of our Saviour crucified, as it was performed in the metropolitan church of Astrachan.

From the altar, which is always on the east end, next to the *sanctum sanctorum*, and to which no layman may approach, a large stage was erected two foot above the floor, covered with carpets. On the west end of this stage was a chair facing the altar, and a table before it, covered with clean linen, and on it a large silver basin of water, and a comb. On each side of the stage were placed six chairs. After a long service, the archbishop appeared in an ordinary sattin toga, performed some part of duty on the altar, and blessed the people three times: at each time he made the sign of the cross with two candlesticks, in one of which were three wax candles, in the other, two.

I was told the three wax candles were an emblem of the ever-blessed Trinity: but I have forgotten the meaning of the two. After this solemn act was over, he disappeared, and passed into the *sanctum sanctorum*. Twelve bishops, or first dignitaries in the diocese, walked gravely, in superb sacerdotal, from the altar, six on each side of it, and seated themselves on chairs: they represented the twelve apostles. When they were

were placed, the archbishop again appeared, followed by two deacons and other church-officers, with singers, chanting in the most charming manner. He, with an awful air, and a solemn gait, walked along, and seated himself on the west end of the stage. The singers stopped, and a deacon, with profound reverence, presented to him a comb, with which he combed his head and beard, then washed his face and hands, and girded himself with a linen cloth, the deacon carrying a bowl of water after him, wherewith he washed one foot of each of the twelve bishops. One of them who represented St. Peter challenged him for washing his feet: the discourse betwixt them was what happened betwixt Christ and Peter, when the Saviour of mankind washed his ministers feet. Then he was dressed by the deacons with the richest robes I ever saw, with a crown of gold upon his head, thick beset with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The twelve bishops were also dressed in extremely rich cloaths, and many pearls upon them; they had also every one a crown, but inferior to that of the archbishop. After this was ended, they all returned to the *sanctum sanctorum*, when one of the priests appeared, and told the audience that Christ was dead, whereon they departed seemingly in great sorrow. This was acted on Friday. The whole citizens appeared little on the streets on Saturday, and many of them eat nothing from the time of Friday's ceremony till Sunday morning; but the cooks were every where set to work on Saturday afternoon, to prepare the most delicious meals of all kinds against Sunday. I was told, but did not see it, that a coffin was really buried on Friday, and was exposed empty in the church on Sunday morning. On Sunday morning, as soon as the clock had struck twelve, the bells tolled for service: however, I did not chuse to rise, but was told, that, after a piece of service was performed, the archbishop appeared, and, after blessing the people, assured them that Christ was risen from the dead. Upon this a rocket, placed at the church-door, was played off as a signal, which was immediately succeeded by a round of all the cannon in the citadel and the city, which never fails to give notice to all the absent inhabitants, who are not dead or deaf, of the final end of this affair; and then men and women congratulate one another upon this happy occasion, offering an egg, and a friendly kiss.

I was told, these last ceremonies are reckoned so essential, and are so strictly adhered to, that if a common soldier were to meet the empress, and offer an egg, declaring his belief, he would have the honour of an imperial kiss. In short, after the last service is over, every one resorts to his home, and eats
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and drinks as much as he is able : for eight days the jubilee is universal ; with some it lasts longer, which, in respect of my interest, I found convenient, as surfeits seldom go off without the doctor's aid.

‘ The fast, which is very strict, continues seven weeks : this is succeeded by a voracious eating, and plenty of the strongest liquor, which never fails to bring many to their beds, and not a few to their graves.’

The author gives the following account of the laws and polity respecting the yeomanry in Russia.

‘ Ancient families are very much respected ; and whoever deserves well, will be still the more respected on that account, even by the empress herself. Except titles, I know really no natural difference betwixt their nobility and gentry, as they have equal powers ; and all honourable distinctions arise from their different personal ranks in the empire. The noblemen and gentlemen are lords over their peasants ; and may at pleasure punish them with whip and confiscation, without giving any reason to any person : but they have no power over their lives ; and therefore if, by excess of punishment, any of them should happen to die, their lords must even satisfy justice, by submitting to be hanged. The peasants as hath been said, are absolute slaves to their lords ; and yet, though it may seem surprising, they are satisfied with their slavery. They commonly have good warm houses to live in : they have as much land as they can labour, and as much pasturage as they can store with cattle, without paying a farthing for it. They are obliged to work four days in six for their lords, and have two days in the week for themselves : but their lords often reap where they do not sow ; for when any of them appear to thrive and prosper, and to rise above his neighbour, his lord and master soon reduces him to equality, by levying a loan from him, never to be paid. Their lords can transplant them when and where they please, or sell them, either with or without their lands, to any person : And frequently it happens that they buy themselves ; that is, they get a good friend, or merchant, to buy them from their lord at a certain price, which the boor refunds, and then enters into the community of merchants. They take all care to promote matrimony early. They cannot force marriage by law, but if two be recommended, one to the other, by their lords or their factors, there is seldom any objection made ; nor is this to be wondered at, as the person, who declined the match, would afterwards live a most uneasy life.

‘ I have known young women of twenty years of age married to a boy of nine or ten : the reason given for this is, that
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the boy being a poor orphan, the girl is able, by her work, to maintain him till he is of years; and if they had any cattle when married, they would probably increase to a good stock by the time he is major. If the woman proves with child, before it is thought natural for the husband to be the father of it, still, as she has a husband, no notice is taken of it; but probably the priest may give her some private penance. The ceremony of marriage and consummation is not so ridiculous as it formerly was said to have been. The bride does not present her bridegroom with the whip. The bride and bridegroom are married in presence of their friends and relations at church; thereafter they return home and make merry with their guests; and, at the usual time of night, go to bed, when their friends leave them till next day. In short every thing is carried on with as great decorum and modesty as with us. And I never heard that the men treated their wives but with the greatest tenderness and affection. One great occasion why they are young married, is, that their children may be able, if necessary, to support them in their old age.'

An extract from the author's character of the Circassians, we are persuaded, will not be unacceptable to many of our readers.

'The Circassians are a comely, beautiful, well made people, both men and women; they are generally of a large size, and are very good soldiers; their arms are bows, arrows, and scymitars, but they shoot well with a single ball out of rifled pieces: their principal people are only in possession of fire-arms. Those under the Russian protection are governed by their own princes, the chief of whom is called Bekovitch. He is a major-general of irregulars in the Russian army: but he never was ordered to leave Circassia, where it is thought he can be of the greatest service to the empire. There are other Circassian princes under the Russian government, quite independent of one another: But none so much honoured as he is. Though the Circassians honour their princes much, yet they cannot absolutely command them to any piece of service, unless they are so inclined themselves; wherefore it is always necessary to get a majority on their side, and the prince is obliged to divide all the spoils, every one in the expedition having a right to a share, and if the prince at any time, gets presents from the empress, which they do frequently, every one of his subjects expects either a part, if divisible, or something equivalent if otherways. They under Russia, are so far subject to the Russians that they swear to be subject to the general laws for the good of Russia and themselves: but the Russians never offer to encroach on their religious affairs.

' They

' They profess the Mahometan religion, and have, like the Turks, a plurality of wives and as many concubines as they please. I was told that they have one very singular custom, which is, when the khan's principal lady is in labour, the first Circassian man who gets notice of it, placeth himself at the door of the haram, or house where the women are kept: for, like the Turks in every thing, in this also, they have houses, though contiguous to, yet separated from the principal house, for their women, where no man enters, except the husband: when he has once taken his station, no other Circassian dares to deprive him of it: when the woman is delivered, some old servant woman is sent to that gate to declare to the Circassians that the khan's wife is delivered either of a son or daughter, or both; if a son, the child being richly dressed, is brought to the gate and delivered to the Circassian, whose right it is by their law; he carries the infant to his house, provides a nurse for him, and educates him as his own child, until he acquires the age of nine or ten years, then he is restored to his parents, at which time, they have great rejoicings. The reason they act in this manner, is, that the child may be brought up hardily, and become a buggateer or hero; which qualification is very necessary among them, and without which he will be very little esteemed.'

From the land of the Circassians we shall follow our author into Persia, where we find him inquiring into the phenomenon of the everlasting fire at Apsheeron.

' I shall not take up the reader's time to give an account of Zoroaster, nor his successors, who were the first worshippers of fire, as Mr. Hanway has done, nor follow his example, in describing several arched temples of ten or fifteen feet high, which at present have no existence, and probably never had; nor will I take upon me to describe a horizontal gap in the cleft of a rock, two feet deep from the ground, near six long, and about three feet broad, out of which, he says, issues a constant flame, which riseth, when the wind blows, eight feet high, but burns lower when it is calm weather, and how the inhabitants burn lime with this wonderful holy fire; because all these prodigies were invisible to every one of our gentlemen; nor did the priests, who were very ready to show our people every curiosity, say any thing about them, neither were such wonders known to the inhabitants of Baku, nor to the chiefs of the Persian army, with whom we conversed daily, and made all possible enquiry about their wonders and curiosities. But here follows a very true account of what is to be found worth notice there.

* On the 11th, our ambassador, with many of his gentlemen went to see this famous fire. After they had passed over the hills into the plain on the north side of them, distant from Baku about five or at most six versts, they entered into a small square dike, built with stone, the area of which would scarcely be half an acre of ground, Scots measure. The soil was a pure fluxible sand. Within this area, was a well of spring water, the surface of which was covered over with pure white naphtha, but a few inches lower than the general surface of the sandy area. Our company only saw one poor room, where these wonderful works are said to be seen, and another mean apartment where the votaries lived, the number of whom at that time did not exceed forty. They gladly introduced our gentlemen into the room I spoke of above, where was a place apart, like our hearths, which you may, with Hanway, call their altar: in this, being pure sand, were placed a few hollow reeds: one, by way of pre-eminence, was in the middle, and larger than the rest, to which other reeds were closely joined, so as to form three openings at the top, out of which issued three pale blue flames. At this time, some of these reeds were extinguished: but, that the ambassador and his company might see them all at work, they brought a vessel with pure naphtha, and poured some of it on the sand about the reed, and with a bit of burning paper set the naphtha exhaling through the reed on fire. This is a true account of the everlasting fire at Apsheron; all other stories wrote about it, by which they have imposed upon the world, never before detected, as far as I know, are groundless: and indeed, it is to be lamented that bodies of credulous, otherways learned men, should submit to be so grossly imposed upon, by false and fabulous account of things.

We shall next present our readers with the doctor's account of the Persian women, and their preposterous modesty.

* The women in Persia are well enough proportioned; but I was informed that they were not very beautiful, having had but few opportunities of seeing them myself. At Cura I one day saw an elderly woman dressed in a ragged silk gown, whom hunger had forced into our camp, followed by two young girls, who paid her great respect. As she passed through, she carefully picked up some barley out of horse-dung, and eat it; at which one of our dragoons would have beaten her, if I had not prevented him. The prince having been informed of her distress, caused feed her and her attendants, as long as we staid there. She said that she was well born, and had been married to a khan; but that her family happening to fall under the shach's displeasure, was utterly extirpated, and that none remained

mained with her but the two girls, who never would leave her. This woman never had been a beauty. I have seen many girls, especially at Reshd, who were very beautiful; but I was informed that these were Georgians.

• One day, passing by a house out of the city, five or six very beautiful girls appeared at the door uncovered, and seemed to be very merry: they laughed, and made some signs, as it were, inviting my comrades and me to go into the house; and I was told by others, that I was not mistaken, for they were common to any.

• I once saw a few girls who were kept by one of the generals of the Persian army, look out of a tent uncovered, as we passed by; but I was told, that if their lord knew that they had exposed themselves, he would have punished them most severely. They were young, very pretty; and said to be Georgians. I was informed that the Persian women, in general, would sooner expose to public view any part of their bodies than their faces.

• One of the British merchants at Reshd told me, that one morning very early, as he was walking by a burial place, he there saw a very comely young woman sitting in her shift, being extremely hot weather, giving her child suck; he was very near her before she spied him; which she no sooner had done, than she covered her face with her shift, exposing what our women carefully conceal. Many such stories I was informed of, which are not worth repeating.

• Men may marry for life, or for any determined time, in Persia, as well as through all Tartary. I was assured, that merchants, and other travellers, who intended to stay a month, or longer, in any city, commonly applied to the cadee, or judge, for a wife during the time he proposed to stay. That the cadee, for a stated gratuity, produced a number of girls, whom he declared to be honest, and free from diseases, and became surety for them. It is said, that, amongst thousands, there has not been one instance of their dishonesty, during the time agreed upon. I have been also told, that merchants who trade in different cities, whose business obliges them to live in these cities some time every year, or who keep a warehouse, marry a wife for life; and that they superintend their house in their absence, and generally prove very true to the trust reposed in them.

• The Persian women are all dressed in long gowns of silk or cotton: they all wear silk or cotton drawers, which reach down to their ancles; they wear bracelets of gold, either wrought or set with precious stones about their ancles and wrists; and the foremost parts of their shifts, which are com-

monly of silk, from a point immediately below the navel, are embroidered down to the bottom with gold or silver figures, forming a large triangle, whose upper angle is acute. They never cut the nails of their fingers, as we do, but let them grow long and pointed; they are coloured with red, on the first joint of each finger. I have sometimes been consulted about their diseases; and though great care was taken, upon such occasions, that I should see no part of their person, yet they could not hinder my seeing their hands when I felt their pulse: And though frequently it is very necessary to see their faces, in some diseases, the Persians never would permit them to be unveiled. When they go to the bath, which they do twice or thrice in a week, they are veiled with white linen, but have a piece of net-work before their eyes, which renders every thing visible to them, but prevents any from seeing them.'

In exhibiting specimens of this performance, we have restricted ourselves chiefly to an account of national manners and characters. Our author, however, has ranged through a larger field of inquiry, and gives no inconsiderable detail of the political affairs of Russia, during several years residence in that country. Upon the whole, if these travels are not extremely entertaining, they appear to be entirely authentic.

VI. *King Lear. A Tragedy. By William Shakespeare; collated with the old and new Editions. 3s. White.*

THE publication before us is one of those, to the achievement of which, patience rather than sagacity was required; and therefore the editor must not be surprized, if we seriously allot him no greater share of applause than Hamlet in affected levity bestows on the Ghost. The *worthy pioneer* has certainly a degree of merit; but who ever heard of a victory, obtained by the efforts of pioneers only? or of any particular thanks returned to those useful but inglorious burrowers before an army?

This edition of Shakespeare's *King Lear* is so minutely exact in respect of its collations, as even to appear ridiculous from the pomp of their frequent introduction. The following specimen may serve to shew the truth of our observation, as well as to exhibit the labours of verbal criticism in a very contemptible point of view.

* *Somewhat.* The qu's read *something*.

* *Wield.* The 2nd qu's read *weild*.

* *Shadowy.* The qu's read *shady*.

* *Hissing.* So the 2nd qu. the first *bisxing*; the rest *bixxing*.

* *Ab.* So the qu's; the rest *ob*.

* The

- * The qu's read *aliads*; the first F. *eliads*
- * *Y'are*. R. 8^o. *you're*; all the rest *you are*:
- * *Snuff*. The 1st qu. reads *snurf*.
- * The 1st qu. reads *coren* for *common*.
- * A *Buoy*. The 1st qu. reads a *boui*.
- * The 2nd qu. reads *bas* for *bath*.
- * The qu's read *that* for *which*.
- * *'Tis*. The qu's read *it is*.
- * *Ague-proof*. The qu's read *argue-proof*.
- * First qu. reads a *churgion*. 2d a *chirurgion*; all the rest *surgeons*.
- * The 2d qu. reads *if* for *an*.
- * *Do, de, de, de*. The qu's read *Loodla, Doodla*.
- * *Tadpole*. The qu's read *toade-pold*.
- * The qu's read *that* for *who*. The first *whom*.
- * The qu's read *to* for *into*.
- * So all the qu's. All the rest *which* for *that*.
- * *The entire*. So the qu's. All the rest *th' intire*.
- * *Battles*. The qu's read *battel*.
- * The qu's read *nere* for *never*.
- * The qu's read *you* for *ye*.
- * All but the qu's read *they'll* for *they will*.
- * The 1st qu. reads *ceaze* for *seize*.
- * The 1st qu. reads *and gentleman*. The 2nd *and a gentleman*.
- * So the qu's; all the rest *ay* for *yes*..
- * There is no stop in the qu's after *worth*; but in the fo's is a period.
- * The 3d and 4th fo's read *thy* for *my*.

Risum teneatis amici?

To record all the variations occasioned by the omission or insertion of letters un-important to the sense of any passage whatever, is to waste time and paper in the detection of typographical mistakes, without affording such assistance to the critical examiner, as is at all proportioned to the parade of materials exhibited at the bottom of every crowded page. Indeed we have not been so lucky as to have discovered, that with all this ostentation of exactness, one valuable reading has been retrieved through the whole tragedy of King Lear. *Turpe est difficiles habere nugas, et stultus est labor ineptiarum*. We must add, that however confident we may be of our own patience,

* It is worth while to remark, that the 2nd, 3d and 4th folios, which appear to have been thus industriously collated, never differ from the first but through accident or negligence, and indeed are of no authority at all.

(which is often most unmercifully exercised) we must yield the palm, in this respect, to the present indefatigable collator; with whom we should be loth to count a bushel of wheat for a wager; and whose qualifications we should not hesitate to recommend to Messrs. Evans, Courtier, or some other peruke makers of eminence, in whose service he would meet with no small encouragement for selecting with accuracy the black hairs from the white ones.

This play is ushered into the world by a preface, which sets out with an attempt to demolish the reputation of former editors. That the present haberdasher in small literature should have discovered some animosity against a Pope, a Warburton, or a Johnson, might have been accounted for, from the natural antipathy which uninventive dullness ever bears to enterprizing genius: but in the name of all the Muses, how happened it that he could treat his twin-brother CAPEL with such unkind severity!

“Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,

“But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.”

To deprive poor CAPEL of his pittance of literary reputation, was unpardonably inhuman; and an editor nobly patronized should have disdained such petty larceny. Though for the service of his author he might have been tempted like *Prince Harry* to have robbed an exchequer, or fleeced a king's collectors; or even to have stolen with *Dumain*, an egg out of a cloister; yet he should not with *Bardolph* have descended to filch a lute-case; with *Pistol* to murder a poor whore's ruff; or with *Falstaff* to make a bankrupt of a *Mistress Quickly*.

In the dedication to this very extraordinary work*, we are told that the success of the editor will be chiefly found to have arisen from the *Hints and Remarks* of Charles Jennens, esq. at Gopsal, not of Gopsal, Leicestershire, under whose patronage, by access to whose valuable library, &c. &c. he hath been able to attempt, &c. &c. As there are however but few notes to this piece of Shakespeare, except such as are adopted (sometimes without acknowledgement) from the other commentators; we know not that a very extensive library was at all necessary to enable him to furnish out the minutiae of criticism which are now submitted to our opinion. Whether to impute the credit of having introduced a quotation from *Æschylus* to the patron

* This play is meant as a specimen of a projected edition of the remaining thirty five, all of which are already dedicated to this Mr. Jennens. This is indeed to give away the skin of a bear before he is hunted, or make a present of literary chickens before they are hatched.

or the *patronized*, we are in doubt; and verily that doubt is sorely troublesome to our minds. We are however willing to frolic in conjecture on another occasion, and intimate our opinion; that, from the creeping fervility of the stile in which this Mr. Jennens is addressed, we can suppose the dedicatory to be no other than his most obsequious chaplain.

This play, which is meant as a specimen of a projected edition of all the dramatic works of Shakespeare, is printed with uncommon neatness at the house of Messrs. William and John Richardson, in Salisbury Court, Fleetstreet. A mezzotinto of the author, by the ingenious Mr. Earle (whose industry and abilities do honour to the rising arts of Great Britain,) is placed at the head of it. We should have been glad indeed to had some better proofs concerning the authenticity of the original, than a bare assertion that it was painted by Cornelius Jansen *, and is to be found in a private collection, which we are not heartily inclined to treat with much respect, especially as we hear it is filled with the performances of one of the most contemptible daubers of the age.—To conclude; perhaps, in spite of this bait to tempt the purchaser to a cheerful disbursement of his three shillings, the greater part of the impression of King Lear may continue to encumber the warehouse of the printer, till it has been thoroughly perused by those silent and industrious critics the Worm and the Mouse, to whose contemplation we suppose the world will be content to resign it; unless any reader should be found hereafter whose curiosity urges him so far as to enquire how many sands form a mountain, or how many moments compose an age.

* Mr. Walpole, in his second volume of anecdotes of painting, page 5, informs us, that Jansen's first works are dated in England about 1618. This picture bears date in 1610. We really believe Mr. Walpole is better acquainted with the chronology as well as internal marks of paintings than Mr. Charles Jennens, together with his chaplain and his favourite painter to assist his judgment. Greater men however than himself have been deceived. The original from which Mr. Pope had the plate engraven which stands before his 4to edition of our author's works, is evidently a juvenile portrait of James the first: and the only true picture of Shakespeare supposed to be now extant, was painted either by Richard Burbage or John Taylor the player, the latter of whom left it by will to Sir William Davenant. After his death Betterton the actor bought it; and when he died, Mr. Keck of the Temple gave forty guinea for it to Mrs. Barry the actress. From him it descended to Mr. Nichol of Southgate, by whose daughter afterwards it came to the present marquis of Caernarvon. in whose possession we believe it still remains.

VII. *'Tis Well it's no Worse. A Comedy. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 1s. 6d. Griffin.*

DON Carlos de Pimentel is in love with Marcella, the daughter of Don Guzman; she favours not his passion, her affections being pre-engaged by her cousin Don Ferdinand. Finding no grounds to hope that his suit to this lady will be successful, he pays his addresses to Aurora, sister to Don Pedro Pacheco, by whom they are better received than they were by Marcella. At the same time Alonzo, the son of Don Guzman, makes love to Aurora; and seeing her pay more attention to his rival than to him, fired with jealousy and resentment, he draws upon Carlos. Alonzo is killed in the duel, and Carlos flies to Portugal. After he has been there for some time, he receives a letter from Aurora, in which she requests him to return to Madrid, and offers to conceal him in her house, till, by the interest of his friends, he procures a pardon. This project, she observes in the letter, may be the more easily effected, as her brother Don Pedro is at Naples. Don Carlos accepts the invitation.

The first act of this play opens with a recapitulation of these circumstances, in a conversation between Carlos and his servant Muskato, as they are entering Madrid in the dusk of the evening. In their way to Aurora's they see a lady's coach overturned: Carlos flies to her assistance, and finds her to be Marcella. He conducts her home, makes himself known to her, and, in gratitude to his service, she promises not to discover him. On his arrival at Aurora's, he finds the scheme, which that lady had planned for his safety, defeated by the return of her brother, Don Pedro, from Naples. He had heard of the duel on her account, betwixt Carlos and Alonzo; and suspecting her of imprudence and levity, he had come to enquire into her conduct. However, she advises Carlos to lodge for that night with Muskato in a secret closet of her house, in which she had intended to conceal him. The house had two floors; the upper floor was occupied by herself; the lower by Octavio, a wine-merchant. The private closet, and a back staircase, which made a communication between the two stories, were closed up by a partition above and below. In the upper partition she had contrived a moveable pannel, for the convenience of her lover; and at this opening the master and servant enter the closet, where they remain all night. Don Ferdinand, the nephew of Don Guzman, and the lover of Marcella, had discovered Don Carlos, and was determined to find out and attack the murderer of his cousin Alonzo. He took Don Pedro for his second in this enterprize. They go out in quest

quest of Don Carlos; and mistake the duke of Medina Sidonia for him, who is wounded by Don Pedro.—This gentleman is now obliged immediately to quit Madrid; but apprehensive for the conduct of his sister Aurora, before he goes he sends her and her maid Leonarda to a convent. He then orders his apartments to be stripped of their furniture, the care of which he leaves to his tenant Octavio.

The second act opens with the surprize of Carlos and Muskato to find the house unfurnished, when they come out of their concealment, to which they are obliged again to betake themselves. Don Guzman takes Don Pedro's apartments of Octavio, for himself and his family. Wine and sweetmeats are sent thither by Don Ferdinand for his wedding. The day is fixed on which he is to be married to Marcella. Muskato, at a convenient time, steps forth from his confinement; and luckily finds the wine and sweetmeats, which, half famished, he devours with eagerness, and gives part of his booty to his master.—In going back to the closet, he takes with him a new gown and veil, which were a present from Don Ferdinand to Beatrice, Marcella's maid.—The act closes with the surprize of Don Guzman and his family at the confusion, occasioned by Muskato's fortunate adventure.

In the third act Aurora is informed in the convent that Don Guzman and his family were gone to live in her house. Anxious for Don Carlos, she privately leaves the convent, and repairs to Don Guzman's. She frames an artful story, by which she is admitted into the house. Muskato takes an opportunity of slipping off in Beatrice's gown and veil. Aurora has an interview with Carlos. They are surprized by the family; a skirmish ensues betwixt Don Ferdinand and Carlos. Aurora and Carlos conceal themselves by slipping into the closet at the moveable pannel. Marcella is jealous of Ferdinand, on having discovered Aurora in his apartment.

In the fourth act Marcella expostulates with Don Ferdinand on his perfidy to her, in bringing a woman into his apartment. Conscious of his innocence, he denies the charge, and retorts upon her the man who was at the same time discovered in the house. In consequence of this misunderstanding, their marriage is put off. Carlos and Aurora venture forth from their retirement. He goes to communicate their situation to Beatrice. In the mean time Aurora retires again into the closet on the approach of Marcella. Carlos is discovered by this lady, who is at a loss to find means for his escape.

The fifth act opens with a conference between Don Pedro and Don Ferdinand; in which we find that the duke of Medina Sidonia is recovering of his wound, and assures Don Pe-

dro

dro that he will not molest him. Muskato, who had gone to bring together his master's friends, is seized by Don Ferdinand, and Lazarillo, his servant; and by them conveyed to Don Guzman's. They leave him secured in the house, while they go to bring civil officers. In the interim he taps on the pannel; and, to his great surprize, Aurora comes out, when he was expecting his master. While they are conversing, Don Ferdinand returns with the officers; Muskato takes refuge in the closet, and in his hurry to save himself, drops the pannel, and leaves Aurora on the other side of it, in the apartment. She takes Don Ferdinand aside, makes herself known to him, and begs his protection, which he promises her. Don Guzman begins to search the house for Muskato. He is going into the closet where Aurora was concealed: Don Ferdinand attempts to prevent him: he insists upon entering in: Aurora discovers herself to him, her brother, and the company. Don Pedro immediately draws upon Don Ferdinand, who, he imagines, had seduced his sister. Don Ferdinand pacifies him, by assuring him that the matter will soon be cleared up to his satisfaction. Don Carlos, likewise, who had not as yet made his escape, discovers himself. Guzman upbraids him with the death of his son Alonzo, for which he makes a satisfactory apology. He offers to Don Pedro to marry his sister Aurora, from the regard he has for her, and to preserve her reputation, which had been endangered by her love of him. Don Pedro accepts his proposal. While matters are thus accommodating, Muskato pops out from his covert.—All persons are amicably disposed, and ready to hear an explanation of this complicated mystery.

As Muskato is the character in this play which attracts most attention, we shall give our readers a specimen of his humour, in the following scene in which he is brought to Don Guzman's, by Don Ferdinand and Lazarillo, after they had seized him in the street.

D. Fer. Pull the rascal in here; pull him in; and if he attempts to struggle, knock him down.

Musk. Well, but gentlemen, good, dear gentlemen, as you are men of honour, and Catholic Christians, don't do me any hurt.—I am a poor miserable young fellow, but just turned of four and twenty, that have an old mother, and two lame sisters—

D. Fer. Aren't you a villain, sirrah?

Musk. You are pleas'd to say so, Sir; and I shan't be so unmannerly as to contradict any gentleman with a sword at my throat.

D. Fer.

D. Fer. Are'nt you the servant of that assassin, Don Carlos de Pimentel?

Musk. Upon my word Sir, I can't say;—perhaps I may, and perhaps I mayn't;—you have frightened every thing quite out of my head;—I have no more memory than a dried whiting.

La. He is his servant, Sir.

Musk. Well, Sir; yes, I am his servant, if that will content you.

D. Fer. Where's your master?

Musk. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

D. Fer. Do you make a jest of us?

Musk. No, Sir, no; but I am ticklish, and your man has got his fingers in my collar: bid him take them away, and I'll speak.

D. Fer. Let him go.—Well, now Sir, where is Don Carlos?

Musk. He's in a place.—(*Looking towards the pannel.*)

D. Fer. In a place! what place?

Musk. Stay, let me recollect myself a little. I never was so flurry'd since I was born. Indeed, gentlemen, you have not done well to scare me in this manner: it may throw me into a fever! or some other ugly disorder; and, I am sure, you have so much good nature, that you would be sorry for it afterwards.

D. Fer. You will trifle with us, then. Answer my question directly, or torture shall make you.

Musk. Propose it again, good Sir.

D. Fer. Where is Don Carlos de Pimentel?

Musk. Not a great way off. (*Looking again at the pannel.*)

D. Fer. So we suppose, by your being here.

Musk. He is, at present, I believe——Pray, Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what o'clock it is?

D. Fer. What o'clock!

Musk. Yes, Sir; because I wou'd be as precise in answering your question, as possible: and, if it is now about half an hour after one, as I partly conjecture, Don Carlos is at this moment, picking his teeth, after dinner, in the city of Lisbon.

D. Fer. 'Tis false, firrah; I know he is at this moment hid somewhere in Madrid.—Lay hold of him again.

Musk. Don't touch me for your lives.—I desire to know, gentlemen, since you come to this, how long it has been the custom in Spain, to lay violent hands on people, without officers, and without warrants?

D. Fer. We'll tell you that by and by.

Enter

Enter Marcella and Beatrice.

Mar. There is really nothing in this house; from morning till night, but noise and confusion.—What is the matter here?

Musk. Only a couple of alguazils, Madam, as you may perceive by their dress, that have got a poor criminal in their clutches, and are going to play the devil with him.

D. Fer. This is the servant of Don Carlos de Pimentel; I caught him just now in the street, measuring the outside of our house, with his eyes, from top to bottom.—I know his master is at present in Madrid; and I suspect, this emissary of his was not lurking about this neighbourhood for any good purpose:—rather, perhaps, in meditation of some farther destruction of our family;—for, searching his pockets, we found a pistol?—

Musk. You found a pistol!—Do you say you found a pistol in my pocket?

La. There it is.

Musk. Oh, do you call that a pistol?—

La. Ay; what do you call it?

Musk. I keep it to light my pipe.

Beat. Well but, Sir, let me look at this person; because I was very well acquainted with Don Carlos, and his servant too, if this be the same he had before he left Madrid.

Musk. Do look at me, Ma'am; did you ever see my face before?

Beat. Never, upon my honour,

Musk. See there, gentlemen.

La. Why you yourself said but now, that you belonged to Don Carlos.

Musk. Did I?

D. Fer. Yes, this moment.

Musk. I don't think I said any such thing: and I am almost sure I did not.

Beat. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken here;—he that liv'd with Don Carlos, us'd to make love to me;—a good, genteel, personable fellow;—whereas, this is one of the worst looking, ill-made, awkward, ugly hounds, I ever saw in my life.

La. Sir, believe what I say to you; this is the servant that lived with Don Carlos, when he was last in Madrid; and he was always just as ugly as he is now. I even recollect his name; it began with juss—or fuss—or—

Musk. There is neither juss nor fuss in my name; so you may give me my liberty.

D. Fer. No, Sir, I arrest you—

Musk. You can't; let me see your warrant.

Mar.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, I think you had better turn him about his business.

D. Fer. I think the contrary.—Pray, Ma'am, you and your maid return to your chamber.—Lazarillo, lock that door, and give me the key——(*To Muskato, who endeavours to steal away*)——'Tis in vain to strive to escape, Sir; I shall leave you lock'd up here, till I come back with proper officers.

Musk. (*Pulling Lazarillo by the sleeve.*) Young man, I find myself a little indisposed; if you have any such thing as a drop of spirits in the house, I would be obliged to you for—

La. Oh! you'll be in greater want of spirits presently;—you had better keep them for a more pressing occasion.

This comedy has considerable merit in the novelty, and art of its intrigue. It keeps the attention alive from the beginning to the end; but there is not a sentimental stroke in the whole play; not one address to the generous passions. The play is taken from a Spanish comedy of Calderon; the scene is in Spain, and the persons are Spaniards. It was not necessary for the author of this English comedy to adhere rigidly to foreign manners; but he certainly has violated them too palpably. Beatrice, in his play, observes with great justice, that 'Dogs in Spain do not eat sweet-meats, nor drink wine, nor steal gowns.'—Neither are coachmen in that country apt to overturn their mistresses by getting drunk; but if they do, and are severely reprimanded for their fault, they are still less apt to complain of the arbitrary government of their country, and descant upon the freedom of the British constitution.

There is comic force in the character of Muskato, considered as an English one; though sometimes it is inconsistent, and sometimes it is strained. In Beatrice, too, the author has much merit; though it must be owned, in his characters there is a great want of variety and expression. The piece, however, is superior to many of our late dramatical crudities, which have succeeded by our rage for novelty, by theatrical parade, and by prologues and epilogues with which the publick have risibility enough to laugh at.

VIII. *The Life of Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke* *.

8vo. 11. 6d. T. Davies.

THIS Life of lord Bolingbroke is written agreeably, and, in the main, judiciously. It were to be wished, indeed, that the author had given us more anecdotes of the private life of

* The Dissertation upon Parties, with the Life of the Author prefixed, is sold for 6s.

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that great man; which, one would imagine, might have been easily collected, as it is not very long since he lived, and as his character was so illustrious. His rural retirement at Dawley would now be read with at least as much attention and curiosity as his conducting of the peace of Utrecht, or his management of humbler business when he was minister to the Pretender.

We shall give our readers the character of lord Bolingbroke, drawn at the conclusion of this narrative, as a specimen of the style and spirit in which it is written.

‘ In this manner lived and died lord Bolingbroke; ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever light we view his character, we shall find him an object rather properer for our wonder, than our imitation; more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our admiration without our love. His ambition ever aimed at the summit of power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate desires, but the liberty of governing all things without a rival. With as much ambition, as great abilities, and more acquired knowledge than Cæsar, he wanted only his courage to be as successful; but the schemes his head dictated, his heart often refused to execute; and he lost the ability to perform, just when the great occasion called for all his efforts to engage.

‘ The same ambition that prompted him to be a politician, actuated him as a philosopher. His aims were equally great and extensive in both capacities: unwilling to submit to any power in the one, or any authority in the other, he entered the fields of science, with a thorough contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed willing to think every thing wrong, that he might shew his faculty in the reformation. It might have been better for his quiet, as a man, if he had been content to act a subordinate character in the state; and it had certainly been better for his memory as a writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. Wisdom, in morals, like every other art or science, is an accumulation that numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single man to pretend, that he can add more to the heap, than the thousands that have gone before him. Such innovators more frequently retard, than promote knowledge; their maxims are more agreeable to the reader, by having the gloss of novelty to recommend them, than those which are trite, only because they are true. Such men are therefore followed at first with avidity; nor is it till some time that their disciples begin to find their error. They often, though too late, perceive, that they have been following a speculative enquiry, while they have been leaving a practical good; and while they have

have been practising the arts of doubting, they have been losing all firmness of principle, which might tend to establish the rectitude of their private conduct. As a moralist, therefore, lord Bolingbroke, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing : but as a political writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical politician, his writings are less filled with those speculative illusions, which are the result of solitude and seclusion. He wrote them with a certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled ; he therefore took care to build them up of such materials, as could not be easily overthrown : they prevailed at the times in which they were written, they still continue to be the admiration of the present age, and will probably last for ever.

Though this portrait has considerable merit, we cannot think it proper to compare Bolingbroke with Cæsar ; because Cæsar was by profession a warrior, and Bolingbroke a statesman and philosopher. As an orator, and a writer, we presume that Bolingbroke was superior to Cæsar, notwithstanding the great literary merit of the latter, and the veneration which is paid to works of antiquity. The compositions of Bolingbroke are animated with a dignity and fire, which Cæsar, as an author, seems not to have possessed.

It seems still more unreasonable to blame lord Bolingbroke for having thought of adding to ethical knowledge, after the improvements, or, (as the author of this *Life* seems to imagine) after the perfection it had received. So progressive is the human mind, and so widely may its powers be expanded, that the whole system of arts and sciences may, in process of time, receive improvements, of which we cannot now form an idea. A capital genius may strike out new lights in any age ; and he should never be discouraged from attempting what he may possibly effect. Lord Bolingbroke should not have been reprehended for undertaking to frame a new moral scheme. The question to have been examined was, whether it is a good, or a bad one. If it promotes the good of mankind, it should have been praised ; if it is pernicious to society, the memory of its author should have been stigmatized by his biographer with the severest censure.

The Dissertation upon Parties, to which the *Life of Bolingbroke* is prefixed, is so well known, and its merit so well established, that observations upon it will not be expected from us.—It may be necessary, however, to observe, that the publication of this masterly work is undoubtedly seasonable at a time when the nation is divided into so many different parties.

The Life of Lord Bolingbroke is evidently written by the author of *The Life of Dr. Parnell*, who has no reason to be ashamed of the performance.

IX. *Natural Short-Hand.* By Holdsworth and Aldridge, of the Bank of England, 8vo. 15s. boards. Welles and Grosvenor.

THIS learned and ingenious, yet comprehensive and clear, system of short hand, evinces the propriety of its title. Those who have hitherto digested plans of that useful art, like many writers on more important subjects, have paid greater attention to the schemes of their predecessors, than to nature and reason. But the authors of this excellent treatise have rejected a servile regard to precedents—a merely mechanical improvement of the former arbitrary, and unideal modes of abbreviating characters. The signs which they have invented to express the ideas of the human mind are as few and simple as the complication of their object would allow; and they will be impressed upon the memory of the learner by their analogy to the use of our articulating organs, of which we have in this book an accurate and elegant explanation.

It will be proper here to give a fuller view of the design of this work by an extract from the Preface.

‘ Natural Short-hand is a title as singular and uncommon, as it is well suited to express the difference between this Short-hand and all others. Every character, in this method, has its foundation in nature; and derives its particular form from the peculiar position of the organs of speech, or the passage of the breath, in the act of pronunciation. Every simple sound, whether vowel or consonant, is denoted by a simple character. Every character will join to any preceding or succeeding one, with the greatest facility; and is convenient in proportion to the frequency of its use in the English language.

‘ All the characters which are used in this system are contained in Plate V. and in order to understand and fix those characters in the memory, little more than the knowledge of the alphabet itself is required. As to the observations upon those plates, and the instructions in general, their design may be answered by once or twice reading them over.

‘ The former part of this book, to Plate V. is mostly of a speculative nature: the design of which is to lead the learner into an acquaintance with the first principles of the art, by shewing him how those principles are conformable to nature and reason; and may therefore be properly considered as an introduction to what follows, which is altogether practical. And indeed by carefully reading over this first part, in which all the simple sounds, and their corresponding characters, are presented in so many different views, much of the art itself will be obtained, before the learning of it in form is once attempt-

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ed; and whatever knowledge is thus obtained, will also have the advantage of not being easily forgotten.

That the learner may not be at a loss how to write with exactness, or to read what is written with great readiness, a large specimen of the character is engraven. The two first plates of this specimen contain several portions of scripture, that are to be met with in many other books of Short-hand. These we have purposely chosen, that the learner may, if he pleases, for his own satisfaction, have the opportunity of making the comparison. As also, that if any difficulty should at first arise to the young practitioner, he may readily refer to the place in the Bible from whence it is taken.

Lastly, to exercise the abilities of the learner, and at the same time to engage his attention, the remainder of the specimen is inserted; containing an original attempt to explain and demonstrate the mechanical principles of natural philosophy, in a manner entirely new, and heretofore unattempted. For this piece of philosophy we are indebted to a learned and ingenious gentleman, who has also given some other assistance in this work.

Upon the whole, we attempt to give a rational and universal view of Short-hand writing, from its elements, through the several combinations of lines or characters. The reader, when he sees the rationale of our plan, and how it differs from all others, will be able to judge of its merit, and give the preference where he shall esteem it to be due.

In the second plate, which contains the elements of short hand, fifty one simple characters are made by a dot, or point, by three lines in different directions, by a circle and an ellipsis, and by the various positions of their semi-circumferences and segments.

In the fifth plate, which contains the shortening rules, the authors have added more characters, easy, and well distinguished, to be substituted for such words, and such terminations of words as most frequently occur in our language.

There are twenty-seven elegant and useful plates in this book. In the Appendix, a theory for abbreviating musical characters is proposed, and illustrated in a plate.

We have perused with pleasure a System of Short-hand, composed by men of talents and learning, who seldom vouchsafe to engage in undertakings of this kind: though they are generally ill-executed by people of inferior endowments. We recommend this work to those to whom it may be useful to reduce an accurate and expeditious short-hand to practice; and to those who are curious to examine ingenious and elegant novelty.

X. Joannis Lelandi *Antiquarii de Rebus Britannicis Collectanea*. Cum Thomæ Hearnii *Præfatione Notis et Indice ad Editionem primam*. Editio Altera. Accedunt de Rebus Anglicanis *Opuscula varia à diversis Codd. MSS. descripta, et nunc primum in Lucem Edita*. 6 Vols. 8vo. 2 l. 2s. in boards. Richardsons.

THIS work of John Leland, the celebrated antiquary, does not stand in need of our approbation to promote its success; neither is it at all necessary that we should preface this new edition of it in any other manner, than by laying before the reader a list of such additional pieces as are now first offered to the world, from which they are sure to meet with a favourable reception.

The additional Pieces in this Edition.

Vol. II. De Jocalibus Abbatis de Redyngg, Regi Edwardo III^o. Pro Expeditione suorum Negotiorum mutuo datis. Ex Rot. Pat. de Anno 12mo ejusdem Regis.—The Preparations at Oxford in August 1605, against the coming thither of King James, with the Queen and young Prince, together with the Things then and there done, and the Manner thereof.—Superstitious Practices prevailing in Wales in the Year 1589.—A Discourse of Sherborne Castell and Mannor.—Copy of a Warrant from the Privy-council, enabling Sir Edward Dering, Bart. to have access to the publick records, and to take any notes or transcripts of them without paying any fee for the same.—Copy of a warrant from lord treasurer Winchester for the records of parliament and chancery to be delivered into the Tower in order to be digested.—Copy of a warrant to the master of the rolls for ditto.—A description of Thornbury-Castle.—Probatio Ætatis Johannis Holland, Filii Comitiss Huntingdon.—Baptizatio Reginae Elixabethæ.—The marriage of lord Ambrose Sutton, earl of Warwick, to lady Ann, daughter of Francis Russel, earl of Bedford.—Ceremonial of the christening of king Edward VI.—Licence for Dr. Gwent to wear his bonnet in the king's presence.—Ditto for Dr. Loyd.—De Oblationibus Regis et Reginae in Diebus Festis. Ex Manuscripto in Bib. Cotton.—The history of Framlingham castle.—An account of the principal monuments in Framlingham church.—The manner of the christening of the child of the lady Cicilie, wife to John Erle of Este Frieseland, and sister to Eryke, king of Sweeden.—The state of the town of Kidwillie in South Wales, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, with a plan for its improvements.—The names of the lords and gentlemen of England being at the marriage of the right excellente princess the lady Mary, suster to the king our soveraigne lord king Henry the eight.

Vol. III. De Jocalibus deputatis Feretro Beatissimi Regis Edwardi in Monasterio Westmonasteriensi. Ex Rot. Pat. de 5^{mo} Hen. IIIⁱⁱ.—Ordinaunces by Margaret Countesse of Richmond and Derby, as to what preparation is to be made against the deliveraunce of a queen, &c.—A shorte and brief memory of the first progresse of king Henry the VII. after his noble coronacon.—The christening of prince Arthur, and king Henry VII's progress to Canterbury.—The ceremonial of the coronation of lady Elizabeth wife to king Henry VII.—The celebration of the feast of Christmas by king Henry VIIth in the 3^d year of his reign.—The celebration of the feasts of Easter and St. George.—The celebration of the feast of Witsontide, &c.—The celebration of the feast of Easter by king Henry VII. in the 4th year of his reign.—The ceremonies of queen Elizabeth, wife to king Henry VII. taking her chamber.—The creation of Arthur prince of Wales.—The solemnity of the christening of princess Mary, afterwards queen of France.—The fyancells of Margaret, eldest daughter of king Henry VII. to James king of Scotland: together with her departure from England, journey into Scotland, her reception and marriage there, and the great feasts held on that account.—Rules to be observed in the christening of a prince or princess, and in the dressing of the nursery.—Funeral of king Henry VII.—The procession of king Edward VI. from the Tower to Westminster, and the solempnitie of his coronation.—Carta Foundationis Hospitalis Sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis in Cloune in Com: Salop.—Carta Confirmatoria.—The statutes of the same hospital.—The consecration of the chapel of Wyke Chamflower, in the parish of Brewton, in Somersetshire, 1624.—The petition of the town of Cambridge to be made a city. Letter to king James from the university of Cambridge, in opposition to the petition of the town of Cambridge.—King James's answer to the university.—The marriage of queen Mary unto Philip prince of Spayne, son of Charles the 5th emperour, in the cathedrall church of Winchester, on Wensday 20th of July 1554.

Vol. V. The entierment of the most highe, puyssant, and most excellent prince Mary the first of that name, late queen of England, &c.—An account of the ceremony of the marriage between Frederick count palatine of the Rhine and the princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of king James I.—An account of the ceremony of the marriage of William, only son of Frederick-Henry prince of Orange, and Mary, eldest daughter of king Charles I.—The departure of the princess Katherine out of Spaine, together with her reception in England by king Henry VII. and her intended husband prince Arthur.—A nar-

rative of the juffs, banquets, and disguifings, used at the intertainment of Katherine, wife to prince Arthure, eldest sonne to king Henry VII.—An account of the death and interryment of prince Arthure.—An historical account of the masters of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, with a list of the fellows of the same.

A publication which has received the advantage of being superintended and augmented by James West, esq. president of the Royal Society; Sir Joseph Ayloffe, bart. vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries; Thomas Astle, esq. F. R. S. and F. S. A.; and Dr. William Hunter, physician to her majesty, cannot be in danger of wanting success. Justice, however, requires us to conclude this article, by sincerely recommending it to all our readers who delight in the investigation of antiquities relative to their own country.

XI. *The Light of Nature Pursued.* By Edward Search, Esq.
3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Payne. [Concluded.]

IN a former Number we have given our readers a general account of the first part of Mr. Search's philosophical lucubrations; in this article, we shall endeavour to give them some idea of the remainder. In the second part, the author treats of the following subjects: The Composition of Motives, Species of Motives, Production of Motives, Translation, Sympathy, Introduction of Motives, Passions, Pleasure, Use, Honour, Necessity, Reason, Ultimate Good, Rectitude, Virtue, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, Justice, Benevolence, Moral Policy, and Limitation of Virtue.—In the chapter on Translation, he shews, that we derive our inclinations and moral senses through the same channel as our knowledge, without having them interwoven originally in our constitution. By sympathy, he only means, that we are continually influenced by the sentiments and affections of the company with whom we converse.

The second volume is entitled Theology. Hitherto, he says, he has proceeded only upon a view of human nature, and the things with which we are daily conversant, in order to frame some rules for our conduct, as well in the prudential management of our powers, with regard to our own interests, as in joining our mutual endeavours towards promoting those of one another, whereby we may render life more comfortable and happy. He now proposes to examine the foundations of religion, and to restore morality to that completion, of which he thinks he has defrauded her in his view of human nature, independent

dependent on religion. In order to accomplish this design, he proceeds to enter upon a careful examination of what other principles may be found, besides those he has already collected, and to push his researches beyond the scene exhibited to our senses and experience. This attempt leads him, as he expresses himself, to take a view of external nature and things invisible, or which can be discovered only by the eye of reason, to contemplate distant objects and extensive prospects, no less than universal nature, comprehending things visible and invisible, with the connections and dependences running between them, so far as the feeble optics of human understanding can reach to discern them. But before he enters upon a view of external nature, or proceeds to investigate causes from their effects, in order to discover what powers, or what laws there may be to govern the invisible world, he thinks it proper to consider, whether we are likely to have any concern in their operation. Nothing is more certain than that this bodily frame of ours shall be dissolved in a few years. It is shewn, in some of the preceding disquisitions, that the body serves only as a channel of conveyance to the mind, which is properly ourselves, as being our sentient principle which perceives whatever is perceived by us, acts all that we do, and receives notices from external objects through the corporeal organs. So that our capacity of good and evil to come must depend upon the durableness of the mind. The question therefore to be resolved is, What is the constitution of the mind? Is it of a lasting or a perishable nature? All who have examined this point seem agreed to resolve it into another, namely, Whether the mind be a compound made up out of several materials, or a pure simple substance without parts or mixture? This leads our author to consider substance, compound substances, divisibility of matter, existence of mind, spirit and duration of mind.—Mind, he says, has a being distinct from that of all other things, and is a pure unmingled individual substance. From its individuality and distinct existence, he infers its perpetual duration. He then proceeds to consider external nature, in order, as he says, to discover what rules and powers there may be governing that, in hopes of learning somewhat how they may affect us, and in what manner we are likely to be disposed of. In pursuance of this design he treats of Effects and Causes, Chance, Necessity, and Design; the First Cause, Incomprehensibility, Unity, Omnipresence, Eternity, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Goodness, Equity, two characters in God, (viz. those of Creator and Governor) and External Nature, or that disposition and order of things in which we are likely to be concerned.

The second part of the second volume is introduced with a chapter upon Hypotheses, in which he treats particularly on the manner in which they should be formed, and the use which may be made of them in his present enquiries. The two following chapters contain the system he has framed, and are entitled, Vehicular State and Mundane Soul.

He supposes that the spirit, upon quitting her present mansion, does not go out naked, nor entirely disengaged from matter, but carries away with her an integument from among those wherewith she was before invested. This vehicle is so extremely small, that the nicest eye cannot discern it when going, nor the finest scales discover an abatement of weight in what remains after it is gone: yet it contains an organization, capable of exhibiting a greater variety of ideas than we now experience.—In the following chapter, he treats of the mundane soul; this, he tells us, is composed of an innumerable host of distinct spirits, as the sea is composed of aqueous particles: and as the rivers continually discharge into the sea, so the vehicular people, upon the disruption of their vehicles, discharge and incorporate into that ocean of spirits making the mundane soul. The communication with spiritual substance being opened, the soul, he thinks, will instantly partake of all the knowledge and designs of his neighbours, and immediately take its share in their operations and pleasures.—We shall not attempt to explain this hypothesis more at large. It is, no doubt, ingeniously contrived, but is as whimsical as any thing in the caballistical philosophy; and those who are desirous of knowing more of it must have recourse to the book itself.

In the last chapter of this part of his work, entitled, The Vision, Mr. Search has illustrated his hypothesis by way of scenial representation. He supposes himself translated into the vehicular state, and afterwards absorbed into the mundane soul; he gives an account of his translation, the scenes thro' which he passed, the wonders which he saw, the observations which he made, and the curious knowledge which was communicated to him during his absence from the body. Soon after his entrance into the vehicular state, he met with Mr. Locke, who took him under his tuition, and taught him the proper command of his faculties. Here he had an interview with his wife, (on which occasion, he discovers a very amiable sensibility) and a conversation with Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and professor Stahl. Soon after this his vehicle burst, and he became instantly absorbed in the mundane soul. In this state he tells us, his body was immense, yet he could manage it without trouble; his understanding extensive, yet without confusion or perplexity; the material universe was his body,

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the several systems his limbs, the subtile fluids his circulating juices, and the face of nature his sensory. In that sensory he discovered all science and wisdom to direct him in the application of his powers, which were vigorous and mighty, extending to every member and fibre of his vast composition. He rolled the planets in their courses, and held them down to their orbits by his strong attraction. He pressed heavy bodies to the earth, squeezed together the particles of metals in firm cohesion, and darted the beams of light through the expanse of innumerable heavens. He beheld the affairs of men, discerned all their springs of action, and knew how to set both them and the courses of events so, as to guide the wheels of fortune with unerring certainty.

This chapter concludes with a humorous and humiliating account of Mr. Search's return to his body.

The last part contains Disquisitions on the Nature of Things, Providence, Free will, Equality, General Good, Divine Justice, Deviation of Punishment, and the Re-enlargement of Virtue. The last of these titles refers to the concluding chapter of the first volume, entitled, the Limitation of Virtue. The chapter itself consists of general observations on the author's preceding scheme, and apologies for his peculiar sentiments, opinions, and manner of writing.

In this article we have barely enumerated the various topics which this lively and ingenious writer has discussed; and have purposely avoided citations of particular passages, in compliance with his own request, who 'excepts against the procedure of all, who shall cite a passage or two, or give an abstract of some chapter; and then ask the gay circle around them, what they must think of it.'

We will venture, however, to assure the reader, that whatever he may think of Mr. Search's hypothesis, and whimsical notions, he will be pleased with the ingenuity, the humour, the vivacity, the philanthropy, the good sense, and excellent instructions which he will meet with in different parts of this extensive work.

No writer but himself would have thought of likening the human machine to a mill, to a study hung round with bells, or to a chamber-organ; or of proving by a chess-board, that the sphere of a spirit's presence is wide enough to contain sixty-four particles of matter; or of computing the corpuscles of light in a grain of wax, or the absolute pressure of ether upon a guinea; much less would have ventured to introduce Harchet the carpenter, or the cook making plumb-pludding, into a metaphysical discourse, or to bring a cat to assist in an optical

experiment. These are the peculiarities of our ingenious author, and sometimes, we confess, very happily illustrate the point in debate.

XII. *An Account of the Automaton, constructed by Orffyreus.*
25. Evans.

THOSE who contend for the possibility of a perpetual motion, are generally led into that mistake by examining into those principles only, which seem to be in their favour; they content themselves with the general supposition, that the momenta of equal bodies are as their distances from the centre of motion, without once considering that all the mechanics in the universe cannot really make a little power equal to, or superior, to a larger; and wherever a less power is found in equilibrio with a larger, it is a deception of the sense, the equilibrium not being strictly between the weights, but between the weights compounded with the velocities with which they are disposed to move; for if we consider the weights as fixed and immoveable, it is absurd to imagine a small weight can possibly counteract a large one; the only reason therefore why two unequal weights are sustained in equilibrio from unequal brachia, is this, that if one of them, suppose the greater, should begin to move, the other at the same moment will also begin to move, and that with a velocity so proportioned, as to render their momenta equal; thus, it is to their tendency to move contrary ways, with velocities proportionable to their distances from the fulcrum, which forms and also preserves the equilibrium.

As this principle appeared insufficient for the business of a perpetual motion, recourse was had to a multiplication of power, or gaining a force equivalent to what is lost, by the artful disposition and combination of mechanic powers; but this likewise proved a fruitless attempt, for what is gained in power is still lost in time; consequently the velocity decreases, and therefore the quantity of motion still remains the same; and as there does not appear any possibility of a machine moving on or near our earth, without being retarded by the friction of its parts, and the resistance of the medium, it should follow, that, unless there be a supply from some foreign cause, which in a perpetual motion is excluded, the motion of the machine must constantly diminish. The whole business therefore of finding a perpetual motion comes to this, to make a weight heavier than itself, or an elastic force greater than itself.

Notwithstanding these, or objections like these, have for ages past been made by mathematicians to the possibility of a perpetual

perpetual motion, yet nevertheless there have been, and still are, those who not only assert the contrary, but even attempt the practice of it, as appears by the pamphlet now before us, wherein the ingenious writer assures that one Orffyreus, a native of Saxony, who had an amazing turn for practical mechanics, after labouring about twenty years in search of a perpetual motion, and constructing in that time near three hundred different machines, at length hit on a contrivance for that purpose, which professor s'Gravesande, in a letter to Sir Isaac Newton, describes as a sort of a drum or wheel, about 14 inches in thickness, and 12 feet in diameter; it turns upon an axis passing through the center, and being moved slowly remains at rest upon withdrawing the force which continued the motion. I caused the wheel (says the professor) to make a revolution or two in this manner; but afterwards giving it a greater velocity, it acquired such an amazing celerity in less than two turns as caused it to make no less than 26 revolutions in a minute, and I was informed by his most serene highness the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who was then present, that the machine had preserved a motion of this sort for more than two months in a private room, where it was impossible any fraud could have been made use of. I then took the liberty to ask the prince, who had seen the construction of the interior parts of the machine; if during the abovementioned time of its being in motion, a fraud might not have been concealed by an alteration in the disposition of those parts. His highness assured me to the contrary, and moreover that the construction of the machine was so very simple, that a common carpenter's boy might easily comprehend it, and make a model of the same sort, after having seen the inside of this.

Baron Fescher who examined the Orffyrean Automaton in the presence of the aforementioned illustrious personage, transmitted a description of it, in a letter to Dr. Desaguliers, similar to that which professor s'Gravesande communicated to Sir Isaac Newton; and their opinion of the said Automaton is confirmed by the testimonial of the landgrave himself, who appears fully satisfied that Orffyreus's machine will preserve its motion so long as the matter of which it is formed shall endure. But professor Allaman in his *Animadversions upon M. de Croufaz's Letter to Mr. s'Gravesande*, seems to be of another opinion, as appears by the following extract: 'Il est difficile de determiner ce qu'il faut croire de cette machine. Il me paroit cependant que si l'on examine murement tout ce qui est pour & contre Orffyreus, on peut se fixer à ceci: 1. Orffyreus est effectivement un fou; ses machines brisées à deux différentes reprises, pour de fort mauvais raisons, & sans aucune neces-

nécessité, en sont de bonnes preuves. Mais c'étoit une de ces fols, tels qu'on a voit souvent, dont la folie se borne à certains objets, & mériteroit plutôt le nomme de bizarrerie. Une telle folie est quelques fois accompagnée de beaucoup de génie, & quand des gens de ce caractère s'appliquent à une seule chose, comme il paroît que celui-ci a fait, il n'est pas surprenant de leur voir faire des decouvertes que ont échapé à la sagacité de plus habiles gens. Ainsi je ne voudrois point conclure, qu'il est encroïable qu'une fou, de l'espece de ceux parmi lesquels on doit ranger Orffyreus, ait trouvé une chose que tant de savans ont cherchée inutilement.

Our author has subjoined to this account of the Automaton constructed by Orffyreus, some very judicious remarks on the utility and improvement thereof, wherein he observes, that 'long before he saw these letters and arguments, he had conceived a notion of the possibility of saving the force which descending bodies acquire by gravity; and of applying it to a circular motion. But, immersed in business, or engaged in different studies, he should perhaps have acquiesced till now in the general opinion of its impracticability, had not an accidental conversation, many years ago, on the spot where Orffyreus exhibited his machine, awakened his curiosity and directed his attention to an object which he has ever since occasionally pursued. The experiments he hath made, even so long since as the year 1761, convinced him so far of the reality of Orffyreus's discovery, that he applied for letters patent to secure an exclusive right to the construction of a similar machine; which he had constructed and denominated a Rotator. Before his patent, however, was expedited, he reflected that, although the model he had constructed might serve to remove the prejudices of the public, it was not so well calculated as it might be, to answer the practical purposes of so important a discovery.' From whence we infer that Mr. Kenrick withdrew his application for the intended patent, which we apprehend to have been a very prudent step, for notwithstanding we have too high an opinion of Mr. Kenrick's merit as a writer, and sagacity as a projector, to suppose him related to the family of the castle-builders, yet such judicious precaution, though it may not immediately tend to a demonstration of his skill in saving the force acquired by descending bodies, clearly proves that he has saved his money.

XIII. *The Fool of Quality; or the History of Henry Earl of Moreland.* By Mr. Brooke. Vols. III. IV. and V. 9s. Johnson.

WE have perused these volumes with a mixture of admiration and contempt of their author. Many parts of them are such as provoke tears which cannot be restrained, and inspire horror which is not easy to be shaken off. The effects, however, of this magic are not of long duration. To scenes most happily copied from nature herself, succeed others which never yet appeared within the circle of her various combinations. Characters so perfectly good, and so irrecoverably bad, are displayed before us, as we cannot, without over-rating or depreciating humanity, suppose to have ever had existence. At one time the author appears religious even to madness, and we are almost ready to adore the splendid errors of his mind; at others, he becomes superstitious even beneath contempt, and we turn from his page at once with pity and disgust. His heroes and heroines are constantly seeing visions in their sleep, which are as continually verified in their waking hours. They fall as often into perplexities, out of which they are not delivered but at the expence of all probability. We could recommend the work to our readers as a curiosity, but that we are afraid it would sometimes fall into the hands of those who are not able to distinguish between fair argument and subtlety of evasion. The history of the Fool of Quality is not merely the narrative of a single life, but is crowded with episodic relations of the adventures of many characters, which are merely introduced that their stories may be recited. This frequency of interruption, together with a want of such scenes of tranquillity as would serve to diversify a stormy prospect of life, render the task of travelling with the author, distressful. Though religion finally supplies its comfort to all his mourners, yet such perpetual pictures of despair are pourtrayed on his gloomy canvas, that the pain of surveying them far exceeds the pleasure. In short, from the incongruous mixture of sedate and fantastic observations; the touches which sometimes indicate the master's hand, and sometimes point out that of the common dauber; from the ingenious machinations and puerile contrivances; from the happy surprizes and the discoveries that lead to nothing; from the decisions by which at last nothing is decided; and from the more frequent choice of melancholy than chearful circumstances, we shall not hesitate to pronounce that the work before us (to use the words of Shakespeare) is the product of a noble

noble mind overthrown; or at least of one who, like Claudio, is willing to encounter darkness as a bride, and bug it in his arms.

XIV. *A Series of Genuine Letters between Henry and Frances. Vols. IV. and V. 6s. Richardson and Urquhart.*

WE find ourselves by no means disposed to retract any part of the praise which we formerly bestowed on the first and second, third and fourth parts of the same correspondence, in Vols. III. and XXIII. of our Review. The degree of ease and delicacy with which this literary intercourse began, like the affection of the parties concerned, has continued undiminished to its conclusion.

We never are better pleased than when we honestly have it in our power to recommend any performance to the perusal of our fair readers, whose vivacity so many pens are busy to mislead, and whose virtues so many hirelings are employed to undermine; for one book written on a useful subject or for a blameless purpose; with a view to interest their passions in the cause of humanity, or enlarge their understandings with materials supplied from the stores of reason; there are at least twenty produced which serve to render their lives less happy, by inspiring notions of romantic felicity, which are no where to be realized on earth. What Dr. Samuel Johnson has said in his Preface to Shakespeare, respecting the conduct and manners exemplified in the generality of dramatic exhibitions, may be with equal propriety applied to those of modern novelists. 'To bring a lover and a lady and a rival into a fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harraß them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet them in rapture and part with agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human was ever distressed; to deliver them as nothing human was ever delivered, is the business of a modern novellist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved.'

The authors of the correspondence which we have just recommended to our readers, proceed on quite a different plan; and have been content to relate such adventures as unquestionably happened, and to deliver such sentiments as have really arisen in their minds. For those who think that love has an inevitable influence on the sum of life, the sober sensations attending on that passion are here delineated in their proper colours. In the letters that pass between Henry and his Frances, the stream of affection flows even on, like some gentle river which wafts the necessities and conveniences of life

life to those who live within its reach. In the pages of those who devote their labours to allure customers to circulating libraries, it appears like a raging inundation that sweeps every thing before it; and if it conducts those who trust themselves to the mercy of its torrent, within any port at all, it is in the regions of Fairy Land; where

* Gold buds and blossoms on the radiant trees,
And melting music floats on ev'ry breeze;
From flow'rs unfading thro' the varied year
Incense and ambergris perfume the air:
Eternal verdure cloaths the cloud-topt hills,
In tuneful measure fall the tinkling rills;
Rubies and em'rals load the teeming groves,
Where vocal phœnixes record their loves.'

We shall conclude our remarks by observing that a happy couple may behold, in these pages, as in a mirror, a pleasing picture of their own situation; and those who have not yet entered the marriage state, may learn, from the examples of Henry and Frances, how to render it a state of reasonable happiness.

XV. *Genuine Letters between the Archbishop of Anneci and Mr. de Voltaire.* 11. Newbery.

THE advertisement before this work informs us of the occasion on which this correspondence passed.

* Mons. de Voltaire having ostentatiously rebuilt and ornamented his parish church, in the temporalities of which he is lord paramount, he considered himself at liberty by his rank to conduce to the profanation of it.

* Accordingly, after the celebration of the Sacrament at Easter, which is one of the most solemn ceremonies of the Gallican church, he, without ordination mounted the pulpit, and preached to the people a sermon against theft and robbery.*

* The clergy were incensed to the highest degree at his audacity. The whole community was alarmed, and complaint was made to the archbishop of the diocese, of this impious attack upon the rites of the holy religion.

* The archbishop fired, wrote to Mons. de Voltaire, and expostulated with him in a serious manner on the heinousness of the offence, of the force of example, and of the duties

* Voltaire had been robbed just before this event happened, and therefore chose this subject.

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which his men owe to the Author of their being, and to the precepts he has enjoined.

Voltaire replied with *that vivacity* for which he is so justly celebrated.

The archbishop continued the correspondence, till finding admonition and exhortation alike ineffectual, he complained to the king, and procured the letters that had passed on this interesting occasion to be laid before him.

His majesty applauded the archbishop's zeal, and took upon himself the completion of the correspondence which the archbishop had begun.

The issue was, that M. de Voltaire, who during the long period of his past life has lived in open contempt of all religious establishments, has, at length, in the most solemn manner professed to believe in the grossest absurdities of that system, which all true protestants have upon the clearest conviction disbelieved and renounced.

That *vivacity* which the translator speaks of, we are not able to discover in the originals of these letters, any more than in the present translation of them, which, however it may escape censure, cannot be said to merit praise.

A spirit of amiable piety characterizes all the letters written by the archbishop; a spirit which prompted him to employ gentle expostulations before he had recourse to more violent methods. Those of Voltaire, on the contrary, are replete with evasions; and his life, like his late conduct, will probably conclude with every mark of abject pusillanimity.

XVI. *Voltaire in the Shades; or, Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy.* 8vo. 3s. Pearch.

Voltaire, in these dialogues, is supposed to have just paid the last debt to nature, and to have entered a mansion in the shades below, appointed for departed spirits, before they receive their final sentence. The author, likewise, dispatches Rousseau and Mr. Hume to the other world, to make a complete group of disputing saints and philosophers. The dialogues are connected with each other, and only distinguished by an immediate succession of speakers. Voltaire has a continued part, from the beginning to the end of them. The interlocutors are Socrates, Julian, and Porphyry; St. Augustine, Sterne, and Swift; Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume, in the character of the Sceptic, with some inferior ghosts.

The author of this work defends Christianity with more zeal and honesty of intention than elegance and force. The reader, who expects to find in these Dialogues, the strongest arguments for and against Revelation, will be much disappointed.

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The reasonings of the Infidel and the Christian are here trite and inconclusive. Nor is propriety of character observed. Julian and Porphyry reject the doctrine of the modern Deists more superciliously than is consonant with their inveterate prejudices against Christianity. Sterne's wit loses all its acumen; and Swift, so famous for precision and strength, instead of having keener talents by being disembodied, is a mere declaimer.

The penance which our author assigns Rousseau, is a proof how widely he is misled by his attachment to his own cause.

'For you, Rousseau, a beam from heaven stole across your soul at the hour of death: yet at certain periods you will be doomed to wander the earth. At the evening hour an angel will take you to where the youthful and gay assemble in the tavern: you will there hear your works praised, and virtue on every tongue: but you will also see their hearts: there you will see the effects of your works—a contempt of revelation, and a vague partial idea of virtue without any hold on the heart. As the wine inflames them, blasphemy and a plastic God will furnish conversation. Revenge will darken the soul of one, lust will boil up in the breast of another, and a fretful gloomy impatience of disappointment will brood over the selfish mind of a third; till issuing out, the morning shall behold one plunging his sword in the bosom of his friend, another stealing to the embraces of his benefactor's beloved wife, and another applying a pistol to his head, cruelly regardless of the tears of his friends, or of the anguish he is bringing on his aged father.'

Who would imagine that such effects could be attributed to the philosophy, and such a punishment inflicted on the departed soul of a man, who, in almost every page of his writings, softens our hearts with the tenderest images, and inculcates the most enlarged philanthropy.

'Would to God,' says Swift to Voltaire and Rousseau, at the end of the book, 'when the earth shall be no more, when the last judgment shall arrive—would to God the innocence of your hearts may appear; and may it be allowed as an alleviation of the evil consequences of your writings.'

If this gentlemen had not informed us that he was not a clergyman, we should certainly have suspected him to have been one. We must beg leave, however, to observe to him, that human reason is now so improved, that a writer must not expect to serve the best cause by propagating unworthy notions of the Deity. And we shall venture to assert, that for mere error of judgment, no man will incur guilt in the eye of his Creator.

XVII. *A Treatise on the Hair: shewing its Generation, Means of its Preservation. Causes of its Decay. How to recover it when lost. What occasions its different Colours; with the probable Means to alter it from one Colour to another. Its most proper Management in different Climates, and in all the Stages and Circumstances of Life. Also a Description of the most fashionable Methods of dressing Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair, both natural and artificial. With an Essay on Dress in general. Addressed to the Ladies of Great Britain. By David Ritchie, Hair-Dresser, Perfumer, &c. 8vo. 1s. Wilkie.*

QUOT *homines tot sententiæ* is an old adage, and, perhaps, cannot be better illustrated, than by the different opinions which the Critical Reviewers entertain of themselves, and such as are entertained concerning them by the dunces of the age. Every individual belonging to our society, very justly regards himself as being of the number of those whom the advantages of education will for ever raise above a state of want; and who, therefore, sits down alike unmolested by the calls of necessity, or the sollicitations of luxury, to perform the task he has undertaken, of pointing out the difference between good and bad writers. The latter, and most numerous of these classes are willing to represent us in a very different light. In their walks through Fleetstreet, or Broad St. Giles's, when they see a garret window in a more shattered condition than usual, they point it out to their associates as the residence of a Reviewer; and if a figure, more bare or meagre than another, passes by them, he is generally honoured with the same contemptuous distinction. In compliance with the belief of so prevailing a party, as the dull and malicious must be confessed to be, we will review the following performance. To pass a serious judgment on it would be to apply criticism to the most trifling subject, and we are therefore willing, once in our lives, to take shelter behind the mask with which disappointed interest, or vanity, has so often strove to cover our faces.

The Critical Reviewers make it their constant practice to bestow such a degree of attention on every performance as is nearly proportionable to its consequence or merit. When this work of Mr. David Ritchie was sent for our inspection, struck with the magnificence of the subject, we immediately barred our garret-door, to shut out interruption, snuffed our farthing candles, that we might peruse it more clearly, and banished our bullock's liver and porter, that our intellects might not be clogged with the fumes of indigestion. Though we sometimes determine singly in literary cases, on this occasion a full synod was adjudged to be necessary, and six of us, (for it is not at

all necessary to conceal our numbers) sat down in judgment over it. Having finished our first cursory reading, we agreed to divide the article into six parts, and to confine our separate observations to those particulars, in which each of us was the best qualified to dissent. This division, however, created some altercation, as the chapter on Periwigs was submitted to the judgment of one who, since he had been in the service of the Review, was never known to be possessed of any other tegument for his head than a woollen cap, which he usually associated with a tattered night-gown and slippers. As this objection was made by a gentleman, whose late success in a dip at Rag-Fair, or Middle-Row, had not long exempted him from a chance of the like censure, the sarcasm was the less tolerable, and blows would probably have ensued, had not our publisher given the proper signal for admission at the door of our council chamber:—We say the *proper* signal, because, without such a precaution, we might be liable to disagreeable or impertinent visitors. Our publisher and patron came stooping into the room; for know, gentle reader, that he is a tall, *personable* man, bordering (as the fears of some scriblers have represented him) on more than human proportion; and with his accustomed humanity, put an end to our dispute, by sending for an additional quantity of conciliating porter, and distributing a largess of a shilling a-piece among us. We do not often let the reader into our secrets, but honesty is the best policy, and never fails to carry those who employ it safely through the world.

The dispute being happily over, and our meeting dissolved, as soon as St. Giles's clock had announced the arrival of Sunday morning (a day on which all authors may securely walk abroad) we departed several ways, having previously agreed to meet the next evening, and deliver in our respective opinions on the merit of Mr. Ritchie's Treatise. We met; and, as it had been foreseen, the master of the woollen cap declared, that what the author had said on the subject of perukes was quite superficial; and then added many severe reflections on those surreptitious ornaments of the head. The son of fortune, who had lately achieved a wig, was in raptures with his reflections on the gracefulness of hanging locks and dropping curls. The third of our fraternity, who, it seems, had formerly been a tallow-chandler, threw out several very significant hints, that his theory of pomatums was quite unsupported by evidence; and insisted, that the most nourishing unguent for the hair was the end of a candle. The fourth critic, who, as it is well known, in the earlier part of his life, had the misfortune to be burnt in the hand, expressed a strong dislike of the frequent application of hot irons. Of the other two, one con-

demned the remaining parts of our author's practice, as forcibly as the other commended them. In short, out of the variety of opinions, no judgment could be produced which brought sufficient conviction with it; or by which the reader, who is more solicitous about the furniture of the outside, than the inside of his head, could at all regulate the future conduct of his comb, powder, or puff. There was, indeed, but one thing in which we unanimously concurred; viz. that if Mr. David Ritchie would accommodate the members of this association with a good and sufficient supply of perukes, such as would best become our lean and pale visages; and, at the same time, recommend us to some taylor, endued with a necessary share of faith and patience, that we might be equipped to visit those places where the fashions of the head are most elaborately displayed; we would then do our utmost to qualify ourselves to judge of his performance, and give it that applause which at present we can only suppose it deserves. We would then congratulate him on having been born under the star which is called the *Coma Berenices*; and by way of Appendix to his work, unite in a translation of Salmasius's two treatises *de Crine Mulierum*, and *de Cæsarie Virorum*.

To conclude more seriously than we began our Review; we think Mr. Ritchie has shewn great marks of experience and ingenuity in his performance, which we would very earnestly have recommended to the perusal of our fair readers, had he frequently advised the use of small tooth'd, box, or ivory combs, instead of the application of such compounds as Mirabel talks of in the play, 'Hog's bones, hare's gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat.'

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

18. *Anale&ts in Verse and Prose, chiefly Dramatical, Satirical, and Pastoral.* 2 Vols. 12mo. 5s. sewed. Shatwell.

TH O' the coasts of criticism, like those of Cornwall, are strewn with the shattered remains of vessels which have foundered near them, yet no warning seems to be taken by succeeding adventurers, who boldly steer their little barks by the same sands, in defiance of the Critical Reviewers, who are supposed to plunder the wrecks as soon as they are thrown within their reach. We, however, disclaim the derogatory comparison, often heartily wish it was in our power to save; and when we cannot, only avail ourselves of such advantages as may be justly taken. Instead of acting as literary freebooters, we behave only as lords of a manor, and justly empound such cattle

tle as have ventured to trespass on forbidden ground. In imitation of our betters, by instituting a formal court of criticism, we have, indeed, inclosed what was once a common field; but then, in return, we have allotted an equivalent to the tenants of Parnassus, in the articles of salutary advice and indulgent severity. If, like vigilant magistrates, we are unwilling to clothe and feed such as do not belong to us, yet we never refuse to grant protection to all who have a right to claim it, as well as passers to aliens, which generally are effectual in conducting them till they reach their proper settlements at the Chandler's or Pastry-cook's shops.

The two volumes before us, we have perused at the expence of no small degree of patience, that we might, if possible, discover something worth a recommendation to our readers, tho' our time has been miserably thrown away; as they are, indeed, filled with the most tame and insipid series of lines we ever remember to have perused. Many are the remarks that we have already made to the disadvantage of mediocrity in verse. The ingenious mechanic, who has a discovery to lay before the world, may render it useful, though he should not disclose his meaning with selected elegance of expression; but in descriptive poetry especially, the case is different. If the writer is neither possessed of graceful language, or warmth of imagination, what degree of merit can his performances challenge? The soul which should animate his numbers being wanting, a cold mass of words is all that remains, and the only discrimination between such performances and prose, is found in an artificial arrangement of the lines, and a scanty distribution of matter.

Mr. G. S. Carey might have spared himself the trouble of informing us, that the acting manager of Drury-Lane Theatre gave him *many reasons* why his Nut-Brown Maid, (a dramatic piece, which begins the first volume of this collection,) would not *do* for the stage. At the same time, however, we are pleased to find him speaking of that gentleman, (contrary to the practice of rejected authors) in terms of the highest respect and gratitude. In short, as Mr. Carey has avoided every subject that in the least favours of indelicacy or immorality, we cannot better characterize his *Analecfs*, than by borrowing Apemantus's answer to Timon, who asking him how he likes a picture—he replies—*'the better for the innocence.'*

19. *The Recruiting Serjeant, a Musical Entertainment; as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal, in Drury-Lane.* 1s. Griffin.

The author of this piece concludes an advertisement prefixed to it, with the following sentence.—'As to the words

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being

being calculated merely for the use of the composer, the author hopes, in that light only they will be considered.'

Such are the frequent compliments paid to the musical ears of our modern audiences, for whose sake, it should seem, that all stage-productions are made a study for the eye, but a holiday for the understanding. We must, however, do our author the justice to say, that the words of this entertainment are good enough to be broken on the wheel of music.

20. *The Portrait, a Burletta. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal, in Covent-Garden.* 1s. Becket.

This performance, as the preface to it informs us, is built on a French piece, entitled, *Le Tableau Parlant*, which has frequently been exhibited on the *Theatre Italien*, at Paris, with considerable applause. The translator, or new modeller, has no reason to complain that it has been less favourably received on our stage. We cannot, however, help wishing, that Mr. Shuter's face could have accompanied the piece, for the entertainment of those who have no opportunities of seeing it performed with the decorations of scenery and music.

21. *King Arthur; or the British Worthby: a Masque. By Mr. Dryden; with Alterations.* 8vo. 1s. Davies.

Though the Masque of king Arthur is not to be numbered among the first-rate pieces of this celebrated poet, yet it is enriched in every part by a vein of poetry, running, indeed, sometimes thin, but never totally lost, amidst the hurry with which he was compelled to work the mine. Many touches of a master's hand are visible in the characters of Philidel and Grimbald, his aerial and earthy spirits; as well as in the descriptions with which the whole performance is not sparingly adorned. The machinery of the enchanted wood is almost wholly borrowed from Tasso; and, indeed, the piece itself is rather to be considered as a vehicle for scenery and music, than as a regular dramatic representation. We have seen it, as it is now altered and performed, with pleasure. Though we are not very fond of having our old bards new modelled, in compliance with the present taste, which promises fairly to exile poetry from the theatres, that room may be made for what is called in stage-language, *Business*; yet we cannot withhold our thanks from the managers, on account of the entertainment which both our eyes and ears have received on this occasion: and we heartily wish them success proportionable to the expence which they have incurred, and the taste they have shewn in this very splendid exhibition.

22. *The Reapers; or the Englishman out of Paris; an Opera.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Carnan.

What follows is the author's advertisement to the reader.

' The

' The following scenes (with the exception of one or two of them) are a translation, or rather an imitation, of a piece, entitled, *Les Moissonneurs*, published at Paris, 1768, with this approbation annexed to it.

' [By order of the vice chancellor, I have read *Les Moissonneurs*. Had no other entertainments been ever represented on our theatres but such as this, the opinion of the dangerous tendency of frequenting them, had never been asserted; but moralists, even the most severe, would have employed the same zeal in exhorting us to repair thither, which they now show to prevent our appearing there.]

' Such was the testimony borne to the original in France; and, it is hoped, that (whatever else the damage) the purity of it has not suffered; nor the aim of its author been counteracted in the translation.'

We must observe, that this commendation is of the same kind as the following would prove, should any foreign President of a College of Physicians give his sanction to some wholesome fop invented by an old woman.

' [By order of the College of Physicians, I have taken a sup of your water-gruel. Had no other remedies been ever sold on the stages of mountebanks but such as this, the opinion of the dangerous tendency of taking them had never been asserted; but even the most severe of the faculty would have employed the same zeal in exhorting us to swallow them, which they now shew to prevent us from making any use of them at all.]

Such was the testimony borne to this innocent medicine abroad; and, it is hoped, that '(whatever else the damage)' the advertisement in its praise has not suffered, nor the aim of the author who drew it up, been counteracted in this parody offered by the Critical Reviewers.

In this translated or imitated piece, several scenes are rendered almost unintelligible, by an attempt to exhibit provincial dialects and rustic pronunciation, as the following specimen from the Prologue may serve to show.

' Sarvant, Surs,—an' yau soine leadies,
(Edad! they'n put aut boath mine eyses)
For hus, an' for aur cummudi—
(That's reight,—whats next tho' I, I, I,—&c.
Sma wit ye'll foind; noa dubbul ontondurs
I think thay're caald—no Alexzondurs?

What ear, accustomed to harmony, must not be shocked with such studied barbarity of expression? The fifth of these lines contains a truth to which every reader of this piece will readily subscribe.

23. *Considerations upon the military Establishments of Great Britain, with a Plan for an Augmentation of 8,472 effective Men, without any additional public Expence.* 8vo. 1s. Wheble.

We believe this to be the work of some corporal, assisted by the officer next in rank above him.—The hand of Serjeant Kite is very visible in the following sentence, which begins a dedication to the secretary at war:

‘If you, my lord, should ever have a leisure moment to descend from the celestial region of the political world, to the purgatorial labour of the minutia of office-business, you are not only requested, even advised, to read the following pages with candour and impartiality.’

We do not think the noble lord will comply with this request, follow this advice, or take the trouble to read the piece, either with or without the candour and impartiality which the author recommends.

24. *The Youth's Geographical Grammar; Containing, Geographical Definitions; Problems on the Terrestrial Globe; and a Description of the Situations, Dimensions, Boundaries, Divisions, Capes, Rivers, Harbours, Mountains, Islands, Climates, Productions, and Manufactures of all the Countries in the known World, &c. &c.* By Stephen Addington. 8vo. 4s. Buckland.

It would ill become us, who look upon ourselves as the regular defenders of the province of literature, not to give our best assistance to every work which has utility immediately for its object. The business of dealing out instruction, by forming the minds of youth, is an employment highly commendable in itself, and of infinite service to society. If we look back to the states of Athens and Rome, and consider in what esteem the investigators of science were anciently held, we shall, perhaps, blush at the treatment they experience in modern times—when a Tenducci, or a Giardini may boast of greater emoluments from their trifling arts, than the most indefatigable labourers in the vineyard of useful science can possibly expect.—The work, which is the present subject of our consideration, is executed with the greatest care, elegance, and judgment; and though the author sets out with a modest address, in calling it a Grammar for Youth, yet we shall not hesitate a moment to recommend it to the attention of grown gentlemen and ladies.

25. *A King's Bench Sermon. With a Dedication to Lord Mansfield. To which is added a Preface by Mr. Stephen.* 8vo. 1s. Evans.

We have always studiously avoided to give our opinions on any matters relative to the propriety of laws; as we can en-
 2 ertain

certain no doubt but that justice will be administered by our lawyers, and the happiness of our people consulted by those who make new statutes, or continue the old ones in force. A man who writes under the pressure of heavy debts, is but a partial referee in his own cause. Though he may be allowed to feel the calamity of long imprisonment more than another, who investigates the same subjects at ease and liberty, yet it must be remembered that the latter is less likely to take the advantage of fallacious arguments than the former. The more desperate the situation of a prisoner becomes, the more daring he grows in his expedients to break the fetters which he can no longer support with equal temper and decent submission to that punishment, which chance or imprudence has brought upon him.

This pamphlet begins with an ironical dedication to our present lord chief justice, which, though it can reflect no dishonour on him, is but an unchristian-like prologue to a performance which bears the title of a sermon.

The dedication is followed by a preface, avowedly written by Mr. Stephen, the author of *Considerations on Imprisonment for Debt*, which we slightly reviewed in September last. We say *slightly*, because it did not deserve a more laborious consideration. We are nevertheless willing to submit a proposal, contained in the present work, to the opinion of our readers; though we shall leave it to speak for itself, and meet with success, or miss it, as more adequate judges than ourselves shall determine.

I will therefore conclude with wishing that the vile brutal custom of confining our fellow-creatures may be immediately abolished, and that we may adopt the measures of the greatest and wisest nation on earth, the Dutch, in their regulation concerning those who may be not able, either directly or ultimately, to pay their debts; which I will relate in the concise way I am able, hoping some who are better acquainted with the policy of that country, will favour the public with a fuller illustration of this important subject.

The very first bill or demand a trader in that country is unable to pay, he carries his books, which he must have at all times clear and regular, to a committee of merchants, (not of ignorant commissioners like ours) appointed by the States for that very purpose, for examination. If these mercantile judges, who thoroughly understand business, find that the stop is owing to overtrading, and that there is likely to be no deficiency in the end; the man has time given him to settle his affairs, and bring home his effects, during which period, though he can sue others, none dare attack him. If there is a deficiency, yet when it can be pointed out to have happened by accidents, and unavoidable misfortunes, his affairs remain in his own hands, and under his own direction, till he can pay such a dividend as the judges order him, from inspection into his affairs, to make, and he is in the mean time to remain unmolested by any process at law, as in the former case; nor do they strip him of all his effects, but leave him some small matter to begin the world with anew.

When it is found that an insolvency has been brought about, by either extravagance of living, or keeping bad accounts, they then take his affairs into their own hands, strip him of every thing, and turn him out into the world with such disgrace and infamy, as effectually prevents him from ever imposing on mankind again by obtaining future credit.

And lastly, if they find a man a fraudulent bankrupt, an immediate death on the wheel is the just reward of his villainy: and I wish they were so punished here, and every where, who are guilty of such a heinous ungrateful offence, as designedly to cheat those who have had confidence in them to give them credit; for it is the honest unfortunate debtors only, that I wish to see relieved and redressed. But it is worth imitation to prevent the hungry ravenous wolves (the lawyers) from having one penny advantage out of the wreck of the creditor or debtor's property, as the case is in Holland, and not suffer them by arrests, bails to the sheriff, bail above, declarations, pleas, rejoinders, demurrers, trials, writs of error, injunctions, bill in chancery, writs of error to parliament, &c. &c. &c. to swallow up the estate, which should be divided amongst the creditors; and afterwards destroy the insolvent for ever by perpetual imprisonment.

As to the Sermon itself, it is indeed a very poor performance, and does not make a third of the pamphlet on which it bestows a title. General investives on particular professions very ill become the pulpit; and private abuse, which is obliquely levelled at Lord M. as often as an opportunity offers to force it in, appears with equal impropriety there. A note, however, which is distributed between the ninth and tenth pages of this discourse, deserves the perusal of every reader; and, if the substance of it be true, cannot fail to ensure universal pity to Mr. Stephen, even though his literary merit should ascertain his right to but an inconsiderable share of fame.

It is here necessary, for the reader's sake, to subjoin a note.—The person alluded to is Mr. Stephen, author of a pamphlet, intituled, *Considerations on Imprisonment for Debt*. A worthy Roman Catholic baronet, engaged this gentlemen in several valuable contracts, relative to the improvement of his estate. Plans were projected by Mr. Stephen, and approved of by the baronet; which, when carried into execution, would enhance considerably the value of the said estate, situated in Dorsetshire. The baronet at length so far changed his sentiments, as to demand of Mr. Stephen a delivery of the contracts, wishing to reap the advantages resulting from his advice, without conferring upon him the reward his services justly merited; Mr. Stephen positively refusing to comply with their request, so much enraged this pious son of an infallible church, that he instantly became his most inveterate, and implacable enemy, leaving no method untried to complete his destruction;—suits at law were commenced against him for debts he never owed; his reputation was sullied by the foul breath of the baronet's hungry dependents; and

and at last a method was pitched upon, advised most probably by the baronet's confessor, which would effectually complete the ruin of Mr. Stephen, or force him to give up the contracts. Be not, gentle reader, fired with indignation when I inform you, that the stratagem the baronet put in execution, was only to buy up from the creditors of Mr. Stephen their claims, and this out of the plausible pretext of friendship and humanity;—the consequence was; that, for a debt so purchased, Stephen was committed to the King's Bench, where he has been confined for sixteen months, during which interval he has had a wife, and *only* five children to support. If pity, reader, rises in your sympathizing heart, what will you not feel, when you are assured that his wife's father and his own, have both died through excessive grief, at his almost unparalleled misfortunes.

'This small narration will, I hope, apologize for any expressions that may seem to carry too much asperity and resentment, especially when it is considered, that, from a personal knowledge, the author of the Sermon feels for Mr. Stephen a great degree of respect, on account of his superior abilities, and the many manly virtues his soul is fraught with.'

We beg it may be understood that we do not mean to condemn Mr. Stephen's present work as written without spirit or plausibility, in neither of which respects it is deficient. We think he has stemmed the current of misfortune with uncommon firmness of mind, and shewn himself no stranger to the laws of his country. We wish him speedily to enjoy that liberty, which he has laboured hard to procure for his brethren in misfortune; and that his case (if his sermonizing friend has justly represented it) may meet with that compassion which we sincerely feel for him, in consequence of having perused it.

26 *Appendix ad Opuscula, &c. &c. A D. Gulielmo Browne; E. A. C. M. L. P. S. R. S. Folio. 1s. Doddsley.*

Abstulit clarum cita Mors Achillem;

Longa Titbonum minuit Senectus.

Death, which so suddenly deprived the College in Warwick Lane, of Dr. MARK AKENSIDE, one of its greatest ornaments, still permits an antiquated buffoon to burlesque its institution.—We cannot indeed say with Horace, that senescence has at all diminished his understanding, because we do not believe it was ever more enlarged than it is at present. Sir William is a kind of Glastonbury thorn: he puts out a few starved blossoms at a late season, and renders the winter of his life ridiculous. We hoped nevertheless that he had taken leave of the press, in consequence of the friendly severity with which we treated him not long ago; but as he still proceeds to print and recite his works, we must once more condescend to take him in hand. Respect is always due to age, unless when made irreverend by its own follies; and it is with reluctance that we draw the bow against unresisting imbecillity.

This

This *Appendix ad Opuscula*, as it is called, contains five such odes, as any school boy of twelve years old would have blushed to exhibit before his master. To render the no-meaning of them accessible to every reader, Sir William has been at the pains of translating the entire collection into wretched English, and still more contemptible metre. The first of these performances was addressed to Mr. Pitt (now lord Chatham); and can be only rivalled in poverty of thought and expression, by that letter which his lordship sent back, in return for such poetry. This epistle, for the credit of his patron, our pompous son of Esculapius read aloud to all the college and their visitants, at a late public meeting; and still continues to read it, wherever he can find an audience. We suppose by this time it has been bellowed out in the rooms at Bath; and it is not impossible but a certain * literary plagiarist of that city, will some years hence adventure to publish it, as part of a correspondence that passed between him and the noble author.

The Ode to Mr. Pitt begins thus:

‘Pittie O felix Gulielme, salve!’

And is translated as follows:

‘Hail happy William Pitt, O hail!’

Sir William might have rendered this line with greater proximity to the original, by exactly copying the *ordo verberum*.

“Pitt, O happy William, hail!”

Reader, have we not foiled the knight at his own weapons? He is not, however, the only bard whom we must talk with on this occasion.

The third half sheet of this poem contains *Ode, de Choreis et Festivitate. Ad Nobilissimum Ducem Londensem, Diem Walliæ Principis Natalem, Acidulis Tunbrigiensibus, celebrantem scripta. A Theologo festivo, D. Georgio Lewis. Adjecta Versione Anglica, ab Amico, D. Gulielmo Browne.*

Of this merry theologist, or this jolly parson (as perhaps Sir William would translate the expression) we know nothing, but that he is almost as bad a Latinist as the knight himself. We should entirely have omitted to take notice of him, had it not been for the sake of pointing out the consequences of being found in bad company; and at the same time to assure him, that all those talents, which (if we may believe his friend’s account) have so often set the Pan-tile walk at Tunbridge in a roar, are quite thrown away on us; since all the efforts he has excited towards mirth in our minds, have been at his own expence. He indeed has suffered but little by Sir William’s translation. May it never be the fate of a better author to fall into the hands of such a leveller!

* See our account of a Critical Dissertation on the Character and Writings of Pindar and Horace, in Vol. XXVIII. of our Review.

A passage in the IVth of this medical poetaster's eruſtations (an Ode, inſcribed to the ingenious and celebrated Dr. Moyſey of Bath) may be conſidered as an advertiſement; and though we are willing enough to diſcourage Sir William's poetry, we would by no means injure his extenſive practice in his profeſſion, by omitting this opportunity to inſert it.

*' In Schola alma Democriti ac Horati,
Hanc Eques Fufcus tibi ſcripſit Oden:
Qui per Autumnum, Medicans et ipſe eſt
Bathonienſis.'*

Nay, reader, take tranſlation and all.

*' Democritus and Horace rule
The pleaſant and inſtructive ſchool,
Where Knight Browne wrote this Ode: who now,
Is, an autumnal, Bath phyſician too.'*

28. *The Squire and the Parſon, with the Interlude of the Poulterer.*
8vo. 1s. Wheble.

This is merely a collection of letters from the Public Advertiser, relative to a late quarrel among the patriots. A more impudent catchpenny was never offered to the public.

27. *Memoirs, Anecdotes and Characters of the Court of Lewis XIV.*
Translated from Les Souvenirs, or Recollections of Madame Caylus, niece to Madame de Maintenon, by the Tranſlator of the Life and Writings of Ninon de l'Enclos. Two Vols.
12mo. 6s. Dodſley.

We do not mean to withhold our approbation from the manner in which theſe Memoirs are rendered into Engliſh; the queſtion to be debated is, whether they were worth tranſlating.

The volubility of a Frenchwoman's pen is proportionable to that of her tongue. One of the females of that nation, well educated, and at all hackneyed in the world, will collect a greater number of thoſe fugitive pieces of hiſtory, called anecdotes, concerning the age ſhe lives in, than a dozen of our countrywomen, let them be as old and as malicious as the veteran leaders of any card-playing ſet of harridans in all London or its environs. To this accompliſhment we muſt add the power of relating them with a degree of elegance not to be taught at Engliſh boarding-ſchools, or adopted from the general turn of what is called polite converſation in our metropolis. Performances like this before us, however uncommon to our nation, are frequently produced among our neighbours on the other ſide the water; and rarely comprize a more important ſpecies of biography than this, viz. the lives of royal ſtrumpets, together with ſuch particulars relative to courts as are beneath the dignity of hiſtory to relate, or are very properly excluded from the limits of ſerious or uſeful narrative.

If history affords us a faithful representation of facts; if it informs us that such causes produced such and such effects; that such measures were advised or prevented through the influence of the mistress of this or t'other prince, it relates to us all that is necessary to be known on the subject of female politics. How Madame de Maintenon or Madam de Montespan were first introduced to an amorous monarch, and through what accidents they yielded up their places in a king's affections to others, are truths which hardly deserve much toil of investigation. Such events of their lives were probably scarce worth committing to paper, while they were yet recent; but to us at present they seem alike immaterial with what past between Antony and Cleopatra at Alexandria, or Thais and the son of Philip at Persepolis.

We wish to wean our readers from the love of such translations as merely exhibit captivating pictures of licentious manners, and intrigues among distinguished characters. The lady who translated these volumes, we have reason to suppose might more profitably, both for herself and the public, have been employed in the execution of some original work; and we really believe, had it not been in compliance with the present appetite for what is called summer reading, would rather have chosen to shine in the task of recording virtuous actions, whether real or fictitious, than in rendering the annals of profligacy accessible to English readers.

At the conclusion of this work we meet with a Preface said to be written by Voltaire, and prefixed to a new edition of it lately published at Geneva. It is true that Voltaire has been lavish of his commendations on these Memoirs; but he is always ready to praise those whose literary reputation he does not envy, provided they have given no particular offence to him: neither would the dangerous tendency of the piece, however immoral, intercept his flattery to the author or authoress for whom he happened to entertain a partial kindness.

We would recommend to the translator a less frequent use of the word *inquisitious*, which occurs more than once in the translation of Voltaire's Preface. We do not indeed remember ever to have met with it before in any writer, good, bad, or indifferent.

29. *The Nunnery for Coquettes.* 12mo. 3s. Lowndes.

'The design of the following sheets (says the editor, or rather, the compiler) is to point out to the ladies the danger and folly of persevering in the present polite but fatal plan of conduct, so generally followed by the most beautiful of their sex.' Indeed, Mr. Editor or Compiler, we do not believe a word of all this. The true design of the work is to collect a few

few pence for your own benefit; and if you are so lucky as to accomplish your end, it will by no means happen through the consent of the Critical Reviewers, who look on you with the same contempt as they would regard some awkward brick-layer picking up the different fragments of a variety of Grecian statues, and striving to unite them in one, by the help of no better cement than the coarsest mortar. The Spectator, the Rambler, the Adventurer, and many other celebrated collections, have been plundered for the sake of this piece of patchwork, in which their spoils appear to as little advantage as would the celestial arms of Achilles if arranged among the clumsy accoutrements of the trained bands;—or to use a more apposite comparison,—as the respectable authors of these well known papers would look themselves, if they were discovered in the company of the wretched compiler of this pirated work. It is indeed confessed in the Preface that a selection of the most admired essays on the subject of coquetry had been made: but will the plea of the pickpocket who owns he has many stolen handkerchiefs about him, be admitted in alleviation of his sentence? yet hold, says the Preface,—‘this collection is likewise enriched with several original pieces, written by a gentleman who has obtained some celebrity in the annals of literature.’ Indeed! who could have thought it! However, when we recollect the extreme probability that this gentleman has taken the pains to blow the trumpet before his own raree show, our wonder ceases; and indeed it would be the height of ill manners in us, were we not to take his word as to the article of his own gentility. If our memory does not fail us, it is said of the late Mr. Edmund Curl, that his custom was to send out the best dressed of his authors to attend at ladies’ tea-tables, and thereby contribute more effectually towards defaming the character of *one Pope*, whom the compiler of *The Nunnery* may perhaps have heard accidentally mentioned in conversation. We suppose the publisher of this important volume equipped his drudge for a similar expedition, that he might (to use the words of his own Preface) entertain his readers ‘with several striking portraits of the most celebrated coquettes of the present period.’ But to finish our remarks.—In those parts of the work which are called new, the reader may find examples of the most vulgar language, such as the *faces Populi* only can be supposed to utter: neither in the course of the collection will he discover any thing that the editor had a right to reprint, or arrange under the general title of *The Nunnery for Coquettes*.

30. *The Old Maid, or History of Miss Ravensworth. In a Series of Letters. By Mrs. Skinn, late Miss Masterman, of York.* 3 Vols. 7s. 6d. Bell.

If we had a desire to inflict a punishment upon those that hate us, we could not think of any more severe than to oblige them to go through the drudgery of reading the wretched writings which pass under the name of Novels, Adventures, and what is called a Series of Letters. We have been heartily sick of them a long time, and we cannot say that our nausea is the least removed by our present Review of the Old Maid. The plan of the History of Miss Ravensworth is as follows :

Miss Henrietta Seagrove having fallen under the displeasure of her parents, in entertaining an affection for one captain Crosby, was sent into the country to a family of their acquaintance, whose name was Ravensworth, in order to break off any engagement she might have entered into with her lover, the captain. But the sequel shews, that this step contributed to bring every thing about to the completion of her wishes. This family consisted of old Mr. Ravensworth and his wife, an antiquated daughter, Patty, and a pert grand-daughter, Emily ; who, by the bye, is so inconsistent a character, that we need not scruple to say, such a one never did exist in real life.—During the season of Miss Seagrove's confinement, (if such it may be called) various are the adventures ; and beyond all probability strange—the accidents which occur in that interval. Emily is chosen by Miss Seagrove as her confidant, to assist her in carrying on the affair with Crosby ; and Miss Charlotte Danby is the common friend to both the lovers.—Just at this time young Mr. Ravensworth, a relation of the old gentleman's, and designed for a husband to Emily, arrived from his travels.—He taking London in his way to his relations, met in a coffeehouse with captain Crosby, of whom he had some little knowledge, when he was abroad—after the usual salutations, Crosby soon recollected that his friend Ravensworth was going to the very family, where his beloved Henny was. Crosby soon made a friend of him ; and an opportunity in a short time presented itself for the lovers meeting together.—This was at a ball given by colonel Hornsby ; where Ravensworth introduced Crosby under a fictitious name.—After this, adventures thicken apace.—Emily was obliged to leave her friend Henny, to attend Mrs. Clayton in her lying in ; after her recovery she accompanies Mrs. Clayton to a masquerade, which diversion proved afterwards the settlement of Emily in the marriage state.—We are

next

next presented with two flagitious characters, a Lord Wilton, and Sir Robert Boyle; the former of whom being disappointed in his attempt upon Emily, seduces his tenant's daughter, at whose house Emily was placed, when she was forcibly taken away by his lordship.

Some subordinate characters also make their appearance; and, when they have figured a little in their several departments, our authoress begins to dispose of the several characters in the best manner, that is to say, in the following manner.—Miss Seagrove is married to captain Crosby, Miss Danby to the young Ravensworth, and Miss Emily, to our utmost astonishment, at last consents to give her hand to Mr. Edward Blanche.—As for the heroine of the piece, Miss Patty Ravensworth, we shall here leave her in the situation where our authoress has placed her.

We find in the address of Mrs. Skinn to the reader, that she intends favouring the public with a history of her own life; but as we feel a most melancholy presage, that her future work will prove as insipid as the present, we humbly beg of her to drop the design.

31. *The Young Gentleman and Lady's Tutor, &c. in Three Parts.*
By Matthew Towle, *Dancing-Master at Oxford.* 12mo. 3s.
Fletcher.

And are you serious then, Mr. Publisher, in your request that we would review the work of a dancing-master?—To what base purposes may not the noble science of Criticism be prostituted!—Well, Sir, since you think the air of an university capable of performing such miracles, and threaten to stop our pay into the bargain, we must comply, and have at him.

Such was the substance of a short conversation that passed between us and our imperious taskmaster; and, gentle reader, you perceive, that even our *Remonstrances* are sometimes offered in vain!

We presume, that a dancing-master, like the son of Peleus, is only vulnerable in the heel; and may, therefore, safely brave such darts as are merely levelled at his head. Mr. Towle, however, shall not fare the worse, because our pride has suffered from a recent mortification.

Our author, who, in consequence of his profession, we should have supposed to be interested only in adding graces to the outward form, has carried his observations much further, and presents us with a preliminary discourse on such moral and social duties as adorn a part of greater consequence. Though we make no doubt but he is more adroit in handling his kit than his pen, yet shall he escape without any censure of ours, lest the world should say, that the consummate ignorance of

future dancing-masters was owing chiefly to the discouragement which Mr. Matthew Towle met with in this literary attempt.

The second part of his book contains the following *Rules for behaving genteel on all occasions.*

‘Of behaviour to God; Parents; Company; Brothers; Sisters; Superiors; Equals; Inferiors; Teachers; Servants; in Company Abroad; at Meals; at Cards, &c. Walking alone; with Company, &c.

We shall select, however, one passage (which we think the only exceptionable one in the whole book) from the XIVth chapter, which treats of Behaviour in walking alone.

‘If you are walking along any place, and there happens to be a stile, should any one be on the other side, you should stop and let them get over first.’

We are much afraid we might be apt to transgress this rule on some occasions; for should we in any of our summer rambles, be so unlucky as to meet a long succession of people returning from a market, a church, or a fair, it is not impossible that our patience would be quite exhausted before this direction for good behaviour would give us leave to proceed on our way; and, what is worse, our mutton might shake dangerously on the spit, thro’ such a scrupulous observance of the laws of true politeness. In Mr. Towle’s next edition, we hope he will hit on some expedient to prevent so obvious an inconvenience.

The third part of this work exhibits ‘Rules for Behaviour in the Dancing-School; with directions for dancing a minuet, walking, standing, giving, receiving, bowing, and to make a courtesy, &c. To which is added, a set of figures of young gentlemen and ladies adapted to the above rules. Also habits proper for gentlemen and ladies when dancing; with rules and cautions: and figures setting forth the true use of the fan.’

The sum of all our remarks amounts to this. We would heartily recommend the performance of our worthy dancing-master to the notice of his scholars. He seems to have considered what few of his brother artists ever think worth the least attention, viz. that all the fleeting graces of the body become of little value, unless associated with the more lasting ornaments of the mind. As a proof of our sincerity on this occasion, and of our confidence in his skill, as soon as we have made our fortunes by writing for the Critical Review, we will not fail immediately to commit our persons to the tuition of Mr. Towle, who will quickly eradicate our scholastic awkwardness, enable us to traverse the rooms of Almack, or Cornelys, with all the elegance of a modern saunter, and teach us to conclude a minuet with as much ease as we now conclude a sentence.

32. *The Atheist. A Poem. By the Author of the Vestry*, N. Elliot, Shoemaker, in St. Ebb's-Lane, Oxford. 2s. Fletcher.

33. *An Ode to Charity. By the same Hand.* 6d. Jackson.

Though we cannot rank the performances of this practitioner in leather and poetry, with those of Pope and Dryden, so neither can we degrade them to a level with those of the author of the Court of Cupid, which we reviewed a few months ago.—If the poems before us do not merit any extraordinary degree of praise, in respect of fertile invention or harmonious versification, yet they may be permitted to escape censure, on account of the morality which they contain, and the spirit of philanthropy in which they appear to have been written. We cannot help exclaiming, O happy Oxford, whose very dancing masters and shoemakers are men of letters!

34. *Ancient Scottish Poems; published from the MS. of George Bannatyne.* 12mo. 4s. Cadell.

The Reviewers return their sincerest thanks to the editor of these poems for having procured them a holiday. As it is his boast that he has preserved their language, versification, and spelling, in the same state as they were in the year 1568, they are safe as if they were obscured by Arabic or Welch, from the censure of criticks who will never presume to deliver their opinions concerning performances exhibited in languages which they do not understand, and are too old, or too much better employed, to learn. In a word, this collection is only calculated for the meridian of Aberdeen.

35. *The Adventures of a Jesuit; interspersed with several remarkable Characters and Scenes in real Life.* 2 Vols. 12mo. 5s. Riley.

If ever the Critical Reviewers had occasion to exercise that virtue of necessity called patience, in a more than ordinary degree, it has been in the perusal of this worn-out story, *The Adventures of a Jesuit*. The two volumes consist of no less than 520 pages, in which will be found every indecency and every absurdity that can disgrace composition.—As to the hero of the piece, who is called Gaspar de Vega, he is conducted thro' as many improbable situations as any the most fabled sons of romance. There are a croud of other characters, quite of a piece with the hero himself, all of whom are fitter to be confined in Bridewell than introduced in a story.

36. *A Letter to Sir Richard Aston, Knt. one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, and late Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland; by Robert Morris, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Barrister at Law, and late Secretary to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights.* 1s. 6d. Pearch.

The appearance of a Welsh patriot on the theatre of politics, should be celebrated in a strain or two of more than common harmony. Our language cannot supply any suitable to the occasion, let us therefore borrow the notes of praise from his own.

STROPHE.

Pob Dyn, pob telyn, pob tant—pob Organ,
 Pob Eurgerdd o foliant;
 Yn addfwyn pob awenyddfant
 Irwy'n Goror i Siror y Sant.

ANTISTROPHE.

Clowch y Clych yn entrych nen,
 Ar Canans mawr ei cynnen,
 Clowch fain! clowch accain ecco
 Clod i wen feinwen a fo.

LLUELLIN.

Had the author of this pamphlet been possessed of the horn which his countryman Taliessin blew, when he assembled the hardy Welshmen to oppose the legions of Edward the first, we have no reason to believe but that he would have sounded as loud a blast as his predecessor, on the present occasion. The horrid clangor would have pervaded every rural solitude, and roused every distant parish to arms. The wife of each officer of state, left behind in the country, would have pressed her ministerial infant closer to her bosom, and trembled for its father, against whom the patriots of the age were drawn up in array. Tremble, ye corrupt, ye hireling wretches, who dare to befriend your king! The late secretary to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights has no longer *any thing else to do*, and advances to write you out of your places! The author of *the Apology for Lord B* has taken up the pen! Truth, in whose cause it was first drawn, shall consecrate the stream which flows from it, and satire shall attend with her penknife to preserve it from becoming blunt!

JUNIUS, "*th. God of Mr. Robert Morris's idolatry*" (pardon, gentle Shakespeare, that we interpose such a name between thy words!) began his late celebrated Epistle to Lord Mansfield by declaring he had no new matter to advance on the subject he had chosen; but that it should be his humble office to collect the scattered sweets, till their united virtue tortured the sense. Mr. Morris, who is not sufficiently ingenuous to make a similar confession, has however adopted (we cannot say with equal skill) the same contrivance. He follows, like some industrious gleaner, at the heels of his precursor; but alas! the flowers had been all selected, and no more than the weeds remained behind. A quantity of these however he has accumulated, and, clapping
 a match

a match under them, hopes to smoke our judges, like bees, out of their hives, *and fire* our ministers, *like foxes** from the helm.

To analyse this pamphlet, must be considered as an unnecessary task, because the daily papers have sufficiently divulged the source of altercation between the author and the judge to whom it is addressed, and all the arguments employed in it are borrowed from the same originals. All that has been urged in defence of the rights of juries, all that has been objected to the disadvantage of our present legislators, is here assembled and spun out through sixty-eight pages. The indignation of Mr. Morris, in consequence of this supposititious and private injury, is thrown in to ferment the political tippie, which, however vapid it may prove to the taste, seems to have been brewed for the sole motive of contributing to the present national intoxication.

It is certain, that no policy can be more weak than that which would teach the people contempt of their judges and their kings. When we throw off all respect to our superiors, our inferiors will soon retort the same usage on ourselves. He who refuses to obey those who are placed above him to dispense justice, must not wonder if his servants pay no obedience to him as their master. Judges, in the mean time, are but men, and, like other human beings, are liable to error. A mistake in opinion, an unguarded expression, which all are willing to overlook in their equals, is represented with every addition that malignity can suggest, when such an imperfection is discovered in one whose situation is more elevated than their own. Private resentment is blind to the general good, and to punish the man, hesitates not a moment to bring the station which he fills, into disgrace. In haste to do themselves a little justice, our modern patriots care not what injury they inflict on the community; and in their hurry to root up a weed, pay no regard to the neighbouring flowers, which at the same time they inconsiderately destroy.—The Reviewers could be willing to find some more commodious excuse for all the mischiefs done under the pretence of supporting our liberties, did they not believe that, like wanton sportsmen trampling down whole fields of corn, the chief pleasure of these pretended reformers is to shew their power to introduce confusion with impunity; nor is the propriety of the comparison the less, because it considers them in the light of those who pursue something on which they place no real value.—Half of our present incendiaries, like their predecessor Erostratus, are only prompted by a desire of empty fame, to set the boasted temple of English freedom on a blaze. The ostensible reason why this pamphlet was produced, is the vindication of a person who was scarce ever heard of, till he placed himself on a ridiculous eminence, from which he has since descended, and seems at present willing enough to hazard the liberty of which he talks so loudly, for the sake of becoming conspicuous again. We hope the judge will disappoint him.

* See Shakespeare's King Lear.

We have hitherto spoken of this pamphlet as the work of him whose name is prefixed to it. It is now time we should declare, that though it is neither written with such elegance as can afford entertainment, or such subtilty as can mislead the unguarded reader, it is yet, in our opinion, the production of some pen superior to his whose letter of resignation shook the public with such repeated peals of laughter. We cannot suppose that the uncommon pains so recently employed to convince Mr. Robert Morris of his inability as an author, have been entirely thrown away. We cannot believe but that the very news papers must have taught him diffidence. We cannot think that he who so lately proved himself unequal to the task of conducting a skiff with propriety, would hastily encourage the hope of appearing to better advantage as commander of a hostile vessel; or, in other words, we do not conceive it probable, that the scribbler of a despicable letter, which was so long the butt of public raillery, would on a sudden venture to erect himself into a political writer, address himself to a judge, and summon the general attention to a performance avowedly published at the instigation of private resentment. No:—had Mr. Morris been angry enough to draw his pen in his closet, he would never have ventured a second production of it abroad:—Yet must his title to call this letter his own, be allowed, because we suppose he paid very liberally for its compilation.

To conclude our remarks: Mr. Morris ought to dread instead of courting the event which his own vanity represents to him as possible to happen. 'Should (to use his own words) the good opinion of his countrymen ever seat him in the house of commons,' we will venture to prophecy that the arbitrary mandate of a minister will not be issued to turn him out. Secure in his own insignificance, party will never stoop so low as to select him for its victim. He cannot carry the writer of this pamphlet to prompt him in the house, or speak, as he has written, by proxy; for though he may be pregnant with all the venom of a spider, he is not able, like that insect, to spin any web out of his own bowels.

37. *A Burlesque Translation of Homer.* 2 Vols. 12mo. Third Edition. 6s. Hooper.

On the appearance of the first volume of this humorous performance, we took the liberty of reproving the author for bordering upon indecency.—He acted on this occasion more like a man of candor and reflection, than an author; and in the next edition altered it much for the better.—In this third impression, he has made such alterations and improvements, as to place himself upon an equality with Coſſon, both in spirit and versification: but he is still so far from being chaste, that we think the fourth edition may suffer many alterations, without injuring the work in the most distant degree.

38. *A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield. Preached at the Chapel in Tottenham Court-Road, and at the Tabernacle near Moorfields, on Sunday, November 18, 1770. By John Wesley, M. A.* 6d. Oliver.

This discourse is divided into three heads. The first contains some particulars of Mr. Whitefield's life; the second a sketch of his character; and the third, some practical observations.

We shall give our readers a short account of the earlier part of his life, agreeable to the narrative now before us, though not in the same expressions.

Mr. Whitefield was born at Gloucester, in 1714. When he was about twelve years of age, he was sent to a grammar-school in that city; and about six years afterwards, to Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he became acquainted with the Methodists, entered cordially into their party, and joined with them in fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays, and in visiting the sick and the prisoners. About this time he was exercised with the severest trials. His reputation was lost, and some of his dearest friends forsook him. Many nights he lay sleepless upon his bed, and many days prostrate upon the ground. In this situation he continued several months; and his health being impaired, it was thought necessary that he should go into the country for his recovery. He accordingly went to Gloucester, where he made a number of converts, formed a little society, read twice or thrice a week to some poor people in the town, and prayed every day with the prisoners in the county gaol. In 1736, he was ordained deacon, and took his bachelor's degree at Oxford. Soon afterwards he was invited to London, to serve the cure of a friend going into the country. He continued there two months, lodging in the Tower, reading prayers in the chapel twice a week, catechizing and preaching once, besides daily visiting the soldiers in the barracks and the infirmary. He also read prayers every evening at Wapping chapel, and preached at Ludgate prison every Tuesday. Not long afterwards he supplied the cure of Dummer, in Hampshire, with the same extraordinary assiduity. But having received an invitation from some of his friends in Georgia, he returned to Gloucester to make preparations for his voyage. Before his departure to America, he preached at several places to amazing multitudes of people. In December 1737, he went on board, and arrived in Georgia in May following. About the end of the same year he returned to England, and was ordained priest at Christ-Church, Oxford. He now began to be so popular, that the largest churches could no longer contain his followers. On Sunday, April 29, 1738, he preached the first time in Moorfields, and on Kennington Common.—

Here we leave him, as the generality of our readers are sufficiently acquainted with most of his transactions, during the subsequent part of his life. We will, however give one short specimen of Mr. Wesley's narrative; on which every one may make what observation he pleases.

' In April 1740 he made another tour through Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, and New-york. Incredible multitudes flocked to hear, among whom were abundance of Negroes. In all places the greater part of the hearers were affected to an amazing degree. Many were deeply convinced of their lost state; many truly converted to God. In some places thousands cried out aloud; many as in the agonies of death; most were drowned in tears; some turned pale as death; others were wringing their hands; others lying on the ground; others sinking into the arms of their friends; almost all lifting up their eyes, and calling for mercy.

' He returned to Savannah June 5. The next evening, during the public service, the whole congregation, young and old, were dissolved in tears; after service, several of the parishioners, and all his family, particularly the little children, returned home crying along the street, and some could not help praying aloud. The groans and cries of the children continued all night, and great part of the next day.'

Our author having continued his account of Mr. Whitfield to the day of his death, which happened Sept. 30, 1770, proceeds to take a view of his character. We do not in the least dispute the truth of what he says of his zeal, his activity, his tender-heartedness, his charitableness, his gratitude, his friendliness, his frankness, his openness, his modesty, his intrepidity, his patience, his steadiness, his integrity, his eloquence, &c. But as it has been insinuated by wicked and censorious people, who have not been better informed, that this popular preacher, out of his frequent collections, amassed a very considerable sum; and consequently, that interest (with a little vain glory) might influence his zeal and activity, it was incumbent on his friend Mr. Wesley to obviate such malevolent reports, and to confute gainsayers, by proving, that the pastor of the chapel in Tottenham-Court-Road, was as *disinterested* as his brother of the Tabernacle near Moorfields, who in one of his *Appeals* has made this heroic declaration: "As to gold and silver, I count it dung and dross; I trample it under my feet; I esteem it just as the mire in the streets. It must indeed pass through my hands, but it shall only pass through; it shall not rest there; none of the *accursed thing* shall be found in my tent when the Lord calleth me hence.'

In the latter part of this discourse the author mentions the principal doctrines which Mr. Whitefield constantly preached; and then sums them up in these two articles; *The new birth, and justification by faith*.

To this discourse he has subjoined an Hymn, in which, we are told, that Mr. Whitefield is now 'lodged in the breast of his Redeemer.'

39. *A Token of Respect to the Memory of the Rev. George Whitefield, A. M. Being the Substance of a Sermon preached on his Death, at the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Bath, the 18th of Nov. 1770. By the Rev. Mr. Venn. 6d. Dilly.*

This discourse is entitled, *A Token of Respect to the Memory*

mony of the Rev. George Whitefield, *A. M.*—By the way, others stile him, *A. B.*—This passage in the eighth chapter of *Isaiah*, *Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me, are for signs and for wonders in Israel; from the Lord of Hosts, who dwelleth in Mount Zion*, is the text which Mr. Venn has chosen on this occasion. The words (no matter for the propriety of the application) naturally introduce some observations very favourable to the cause of Methodism. The author first endeavours to point out the singularity which makes the children of Christ signs and wonders in the world, and afterwards lays before his congregation a view of some of the most remarkable particulars which distinguished the late Mr. Whitefield, among the signs and wonders which God hath raised up.

40. *Grace and Truth, or a Summary of Gospel Doctrine, considered in a Funeral Discourse preached on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, A. B.* By R. Elliot, *A. B.* 6d. Dilly.

Mr. Elliot's text is, *The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart, &c.* *Isaiah*, lvii. 1, 2. The first part of his discourse is a sort of comment on the words of the prophet; the second is a short account of the doctrines taught and maintained by Mr. Whitefield; and the last is an address to his audience.

The great doctrines which this writer says Mr. Whitefield taught and insisted on, were, 1. Original sin. 2. The new birth, 3. Justification by faith in Christ. 4. The final perseverance of the saints. 5. Eternal unconditional election.

It were to be wished, for the honour of reason and revelation, that some of these doctrines might henceforth sleep in peace with their late defender.

41. *A Minister dead; yet Speaking. Being the Substance of twelve Discourses preached November 11. 1770. Occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Geo. Whitefield, A. M.* By the Rev. Mr. D. Edwards. 8vo. 6d. Dilly.

Mr. Edwards explains and illustrates these words of St. Paul, *Heb. xi. 4. By it he being dead, yet speaketh*; shewing what we are to learn from the examples of Abel, and Mr. Whitefield. Near the conclusion of his discourse, he observes, that 'when faithful labourers are called home, it is a sign that there is a storm coming; that judgments are drawing nigh the land.' Thus, continues he, 'when Elisha was dead, the first news we hear, that the Moabites invaded the land of Israel. Methuselah died a year before the deluge came; Austin died but a little while before the sacking of Hyppo; Pareus a little before *Haddurburge* was destroyed; Mr. Luther died but a little time before the dreadful wars broke out in Germany; Mr. Whitefield was a second Luther, but he is called home.'—We are therefore to conclude, that some extraordinary calamity is hanging over our heads; but what it is, Mother Edwards has not informed us.

42. *The Authentic Memoirs of the Countess de Barré, the French King's Mistress; carefully collated from a Manuscript in the Possession of the Duchess of Villeroy.* By Sir Francis N——. 3s. Roſon.

We do not hesitate a moment to pronounce this Work, to be a shameless, indecent, and stupid falsification. With equal confidence we declare, that no such person as Sir Francis N—— is the translator; and that no such original manuscript is to be found in the possession of Madame de Villeroy, or any other French lady of distinction.

Instead of giving any circumstantial account or analysis of inflammatory novels, which (like this) we may suspect to be the work of MONSIEUR ——— DE ———; we shall immediately on the appearance of them, publish a friendly warning to the parents of the young of both sexes, that they may exert their vigilance to keep them from the sight of all those, for whose purity of manners they are in the least concerned. This profligate foreigner is an *avocat* of the French parliament; and has quitted a kingdom to which he dares not return. We, at first, imputed his stay here, to such feelings as determine many more of his countrymen to prefer a gibbet to a wheel; but, as we are not sure that this hero makes any nocturnal excursions towards Hounslow, or Finchley, or plies in rainy evenings at the doors of the Theatres, perhaps he may be in no danger of corporal punishment. More mischievous, however, than the character described by a celebrated imitator of Juvenal, he is not only willing to go to hell * himself, but to tempt as many of his readers as he can to follow him; so that his success in mixing up love-potions for the young and unguarded, is what ensures his residence to England. We may add to this, that he seems determined at all events to shew his gratitude to the nation which protects him, by debauching the minds of as many as he can seduce to read his novels. Of his want of common decency, he has afforded very recent proofs. He undertook the defence of adultery in the cause of his R. H. the D. of C. and in his Preface to a novel, published a few months ago, has impudently declared, that the favourable reception which he meets from his fair readers, is in proportion to the degree of immorality displayed in his writings. In short, this advocate for vice is not unconscious that the sale of his books in great measure depends on his daring to write as no one ever dared, with impunity, to write before.

It is to be hoped, that on this occasion both female honour, and parental caution, will catch the alarm. That no novels henceforward will be received into families, till their respective publishers have declared, under the sanction of an affidavit, that they are not the productions of this abandoned Frenchman. We have allowed literary merit to some of his pieces; but, henceforward, unless he changes the tenor of his writings, will treat him with no more mercy than the ancient laws of Mantua would have extended to one who vended poisons. While hireling politicians accumulate fuel, to inflame the daring spirits of one sex; this less pardonable hireling holds out a torch, that threatens an extensive conflagration to all the modest graces of the other. --To FATHERS, MOTHERS, and GUARDIANS, we have now addressed ourselves, and hope our admonitions will not be thrown away.

* *Graculus efuriens, ad cælum jufferis, ibit.* Juv. Sat. III.

Each science well a fasting Monsieur knows;

And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

Dr. Johnson's Imitation.

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